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"T H E R E   S H E   B L O W S"

JOURNAL OF A WHALING VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD

in the

B A R Q U E   L A U R E N S

of

S A G H A R B O R

1845 - 6 and 7

by

U N C L E   S A M.

I N T R O D U C T I O N .

Many times since my return from sea I have thought it would be well to write for the amusement and instruction of my children, and grandchildren, a history of my adventures, and experiences in the South Seas, and the islands about which so little is known, where eternal summer reigns, where almost every tree yields food and clothing, and every breeze comes laden with spicy odors, lands that are earthly paradises.

After many days of careful thought I have yielded to the urgings of my friends and with the assistance of the logs kept by me and a good memory, I bridge over the interval of over 40 years, and the scenes of my boyhood come vividly before me, and over the hill of memory clear as the blue of Southern Skies, rise the days of my youth, and I recall distinctly the characters and incidents of my early life.

I again inhale the spicy breezes of Otaheite, Eimeo, and Tooboona, I sit beneath the orange groves of Maui and watch the Kanaka girls as they beat the "Tapa" or paddle the canoe in the warm water of the reef. I lie upon the greensward of Owyhee, and see the "Hoolah hoolah" danced, while graceful "Whyheenies" and girls with garlands of gorgeous flowers, wind through the intricacies of the strange figures, and fairy like seem to float on the air.

Again the vision changes, and I am standing at the wheel, steering the ship that forges slowly through a summer sea with all sail set, and I reckon up the days, weeks and months ere I shall

tread again my native shore, and I waken from my half dreamy state by the cry "All hands shorten sail" and the "White Squall" rides on the surging wave, and the ship taken aback gathers stern way, and the topmasts with top hamper come crashing down on deck, and the great green billows ride over her leaping, and crashing, and tearing away what the White Squall has spared. And when the warm sun comes out again and the elemental war has ceased I stand on the deck the sole tenant of the wreck.

To weave a plot out of the materials I have would be easy for a novel writer, but as I do not consider it necessary to construct a work of fiction, I have written a plain narrative of actual occurrences, which I trust will instruct, as well as amuse boys, and perhaps their elders.

Uncle Sam.

*Chapter I*

Previous to the year 1840 whaling was followed as a profession by thousands of the inhabitants of the Sea Coasts of New England and Long Island, and hundreds of ships were yearly sent out on six, nine, and twelve months' voyages to that part of the Indian Ocean East of the Cape of Good Hope, known to whalers as the Dutch Banks returning within six months laden to their capacity with oil and whalebone -- Fortunes were rapidly made, and oil was a drug in the market. It seemed as if there was no end to the supply - But a few years of the indiscriminate slaughter of the whales sufficed to diminish their numbers, and instead of voyages of six, nine and twelve months, it required two years to fill up a three hundred ton vessel.

A new whaling ground was sought and accidentally found - A Russian barque sailing from Petropaulovski bound for San Francisco on a trading voyage was driven by stress of weather far to the Northward of her course and being some hundred miles to the Southward of Behrings Straits, fell in with immense schools of Right Whales, most of them of enormous size. They reported that the water literally swarmed with the fish - In every direction the sea was white with the foam caused by their gambols. Here was a monster close to the ship, blowing a dozen times before sounding, and then he would throw his flukes high in air and go down to be gone fifteen or twenty minutes -- Astern of the barque were dozens of Cow Whales with their calves, the mothers seventy five feet, and their calves from twenty to thirty feet long, as playful as kittens, throwing themselves out of the water, disappearing for a few moments, and again rising to renew their play, unconscious of danger, and actually rubbing their sides against the vessel's hull. On the arrival of the Russian at San Francisco (then a hide depot) the crew told their story, and in a few months the news had reached New Bedford and other Whaling ports, when a perfect furore was created, exceeded only by the excitement occasioned by the discovery of gold in California a few years later. Scores of ships were fitted out for two, and three year voyages. Agencies for the shipping of sailors were established in all the great seaports, and liberal wages offered. Every week a fleet of ships left the different ports, most of the vessels being old cotton ships that were overhauled, recoppered and refitted. Farmers on Long Island who had in former voyages accumulated means enough to buy farms and retire from sea life, caught the infection, and were eager to em-



bark, and tempt once more the wild inconstant deep. Early in 1845 at the age of 18, my health failing, a sea voyage was ordered by my Physician, and proceeding to New York I was induced to ship as greenhand on the barque Laurens of Sag Harbor, a seaport of Long Island, bound on a whaling voyage of two years or more.

The Laurens was seven years old, half clipper built, well found in every respect and 421 tons measurement, and as she afterwards proved, a fast sailer and an excellent sea boat.

Her crew was composed of a Captain, three mates, four boat-steerers, twenty men before the mast, a cook, carpenter, cooper and steward -- A cabin boy was afterwards shipped at Honolulu, Sandwich islands.

We sailed Thursday, August 21, 1845, from Sag Harbor with a strong norwest breeze. Off Montauk we discharged our pilot, and stood out to sea with royals set, and laid our course E. S. E. The crew were mustered aft, the watches chosen, the decks cleared up, ropes coiled down, the port watch went below, and the voyage began.

For the first two or three days the usual sea sickness, combined with homesickness prevailed among the Landsmen, but the ordinary ship's work, i.e. trimming sails etc. soon drove away physical and mental ailments. The Laurens proved herself to be a fast sailer, going ten knots with a free wind and often nine close hauled. The norwester which was a ten knot breeze when we left port increased in force as we got off soundings and sent her flying over the waves for the next three days, when the wind shifted to the Southwest, blowing so fresh that we were compelled to furl the royals. Gradually the wind increased in force, and we were con-

gratulating ourselves on making a quick passage to the Azores or Western Islands, hoping that the gale would hold on for three or four more days, but on the morning of the sixth day out, on coming on deck I found the wind was north east and the tops'ls single reefed. As the morning wore on the gale was coming in gusts with spits of rain, the clouds had an angry black look, and the ship was plunging into an ugly cross sea that was running in every direction. By noon it came on heavier, <sup>where</sup> and all hands were called, and close reefs put in both topsails, and the mainsail was furled.

The barque worked easier now that the mains'l was off her, <sup>and</sup> but she went plunging into the big waves that threatened to break on board, but like a sea bird she rose to the <sup>pend</sup> ~~sound~~ of the seas, throwing them off in masses, and her decks were drenched with the spray that the wind forced from the tops of the waves. I was much alarmed at the motion of the ship. The deck lying at an angle of  $40^{\circ}$  it was difficult to keep my equilibrium. I had not yet got my sea legs on, and my first attempt at walking met with a ludicrous ending. I emerged from the forecastle at the call of starboard watch ahoy, and without considering the inclination of the deck, started to walk aft. One step forwards, and then the ship gave a lurch, and the next instant I was flying to leeward, and plunged head first into the arms of an old sailor -- my momentum was such that we both rolled over and over in the lee scuppers, and when we rose to a standing position, we were both soaked. Mind your weather roll and be blowed, said he, to which he added several unscriptural remarks more forcible than polite -- I apologized and said, "This gale of wind is the heaviest I ever saw." Heavy do you call it, said he, "Wait until you get off the Cape of Good Hope and

catch one of the souwesters that come howling all the way from Cape Horn and see the mountain rollers and the old hooker under a goose-winged maintops'! Where it takes two men to hold the Captain's hair from being blown away. Then you will see and feel a gale, this breeze we have now is a zephyr to the breezes of the Indian Ocean. But you are a greenhorn, and can't be expected to know much about it, so saying he climbed down the forecastle ladder to get a dry suit on, and I followed his example for the clinging wetness of my clothes was quite uncomfortable. During the night the barque made good weather and the next day the wind shifting to norwest we once more laid our course for the Azores.

Beautiful weather favored us and on the tenth day out we sighted the peak of Pico one of the Azores or Western Islands. An hour after the first sight of the land the island of Fayal was visible -- While perched on the cathead viewing the land I was called aft and directed by Capt. Eldridge to take the wheel and my first lesson in steering a ship. As I stepped to the wheel the steersman partly released his grasp of it and as I took hold of the spokes he said "East by South half South," What ? I exclaimed not understanding him. "Keep her East by South half South" he replied, Yes I will said I but ~~I'm blinded~~ <sup>am uncertain</sup> if I know what you mean. Capt. E. smiling now came up and pointing to the compass in the binnacle which stood in front of the wheel asked me if I knew the cardinal points and if I could "box the compass". I replied I knew North, East, South, and West but had never learned the intermediate points. A few moments' explanation and the reading of the compass was perfectly easy -- Now said he, We will not steer by compass for we have a land mark ahead in that tall mountain peak -- keep her head-

ing for that point, "Aye, aye sir," said I, and for two hours I steered the ship as well as any old sailor could have steered. In fact Mr. Jennings the second mate who was pacing the deck, occasionally came aft, looked at the compass from force of habit, then at the sails, and then at the land mark which every hour was rising higher and higher above the horizon, complimented me by exclaiming, "You are the first greenhand I ever saw who took to steering a ship off-hand. You must have had some practice." I assured him I never had attempted any steering except in a sail boat.

"You will soon make a sailor, for you have had an education, and I should not wonder if you are Captain before I am."

"Education is what I lack," said he, "I can hand, reef and steer, and navigate a ship, and kill whales, but when you've said that you've said all. I entered into this business when quite a young boy, and shipped as green hand when I ought to have gone to school, and I've kept at whaling all my life, and precious little money have I saved. However I have taken care of my old mother, and if I am not rich I am contented." So saying he resumed his tramp up and down the deck, now and then glancing at the sails and rigging, and if any brace, bow line, sheet or halyard seemed slack, he would sing out, "Aft here and get a pull on the maintop gallant halyards", or "Pull taut that main to'bow line." Jennings never could bear to see a sailor standing still, or slighting necessary work. Neat as a pin in his personal appearance, he was strict in requiring neatness in others. If a brace was not coiled on the belaying pin just so, he would throw off the coil on the deck, and summoning the nearest man order it recoiled. If any one threw a quid of tobacco on deck, a man, a broom and a shovel were put in

requisition to remove the old sedge. With a neat captain, a clean 2nd mate, and a very clean crew, both in the port, as well as the starboard watch, the Laurens was as tidy as a man of war. Every morning rain or shine at daylight, the decks were drenched with water, and scrubbed clean, so that, as Jennings expressed it, the deck was a great sight cleaner than the cabin dining table, which by the way had its daily scrub of hot water. Usually in ships when at sea rolling and tossing and tumbling about there is a very offensive smell of what is called bilge water which has leaked into the hold and being confined, soon putrefies, giving forth the odor of sulphuretted hydrogen.

~~of~~ The lower hold of the Laurens was dry and fresh, salt water ~~was~~ pumped in and out, once a week. The air in the fore-castle, as well as that of the cabin was as sweet as that on deck. The day was a perfect one. The sun shone bright and warm, and the light flecky clouds drifted slowly away to the Northward impelled by the gentle south wind that hardly curled the deep blue waves, whose crests whitened for a moment with snowy foam, and then took on again their indigo tint. To windward of us and apparently bound for the same port as we, was a full rigged ship carrying skysails and top gallant stuns'ls, and careening over to the pressure of her cloud of canvas so that she showed full one third of her bright copper, while under bows was a cataract of foam as she cut through the water. Her sails bellied out by the wind looked like great white wings sustaining in its flight some giant seabird, and as a heavier wave than usual crossed her path, she flung it high in air, and the spray from it wet her foresail halfway to the yard.



"What do you make her out to be, Mr. Jennings," said Capt.

E. to the second mate who was in the main top with a spyglass --

"I think she is an American Sir," replied Jennings. Just then a ball was seen rising from her quarter deck, and as it reached the end of the spanker gaff it blew out, and showed the Stars and Stripes, and in response to the courtesy our flag was quickly displayed, and three rousing cheers given. How homelike it seemed, away from our native land, a thousand miles of water intervening, to see the starry banner, and know that friends, countrymen were near by, and ready in case of disaster to lend us their assistance.

From the rate at which she was going through the water it was evident that we would soon be hull down astern of her, and it roused in Capt. E. and his officers and I may as well say the crew, a desire to race with the stranger -- Accordingly all hands were called and stuns'l booms rigged out fore and aft - The royals were loosed and set, and all sheeted home -- In less than twenty minutes we were certain we held our own with the stranger, so Capt. E. decided to luff a point and speak her. Cautioning me to steer carefully, and to make sure I would handle the wheel properly, he stood close to me, and ordering me to luff a point, conned the operation.

We gradually approached the ship, and being to leeward of her, we edged up to within a short hailing distance, and Capt. E. with his speaking trumpet shouted "Ship Ahoy, what ship's that?" The answer came back "Ship Navigator of Salem, ten days out, and bound to Fayal." The name of our Barque was shouted back, and the colors dipped and hauled down, and our course resumed.

The addition of our stuns'l's and royals enabled us to hold our own with the Navigator, and for an hour we kept pace with



her, but the wind increasing in force, we were compelled to furl our royals, and soon the Salem ship gained on us, and before we were close in with the land, she was a mile or more ahead. My trick at the wheel being ended, i.e. having steered two hours, I was relieved, and giving the course which had been changed to East South East to my successor, I walked forward. Sailing close to the shore, we soon rounded a cape, and hauling up mainsail and foresail and furling the flying jib, we hove aback just far enough from the shore in the Roads, or water space of ten miles wide and directly opposite the port. Opposite to the South was the Giant peak of Pico rising up sharp above the clouds and off to the East a blue mass of elevated land showing that other islands were not many miles away. After heaving to, the starboard quarter, or the Captain's boat was lowered, and as I was one of its crew I took my place at the midship oar and at the command "Give Way," we pulled in the direction of the land. We landed at a stone pier or jetty and trod terra firma once more.

*Chapter 2*

We were met at the landing by a dozen or more people among whom were Custom House officers who were very strict in examining if we had tobacco the duty on which is almost prohibitory. After the examination was made we were solicited by numerous runners for grog shops and other disreputable establishments to accompany them, but as we were pecuniarily short, we escaped their clutches. As our stay was limited to one hour, and we were ordered to be at the pier in time to re-embark, we strolled off to make the tour of the town. Horta as the town is named is built on a side hill whose elevation is in some places almost perpendicular and composed of volcanic rocks. The soil which like that of all volcanic districts is ex-

tremely fertile produces by the aid of occasional irrigation many of the fruits both of the temperate and tropical zone --

The farms or patches of cultivated soil as seen from the ocean are attractive to the eye looking like a checker board whose squares are painted green and yellow -- Every farm spot is bordered by rows of trees either orange or lemon whose deep green foliage contrasted well with the deep yellow of the grain fields and as the shadows from the flying clouds alternated with the bright sun-light passed over, the effect was kaleidoscopic. The farm houses were built of lava rock, and roofed with red tiles, and none of them over two stories high. The streets of Horta are well paved and on either side are pretty cottages with court yards in which are planted orange, lemon and other trees. Flowers too were not wanting, and geraniums were plenty and of great size. Some of the house doors were wide open and a glance revealed the economic arrangements of many. The town houses like those on the farms were whitewashed and had green blinds or jalousies swinging open on the verandahs that looked like pleasant lounging places well sheltered from the hot sun. The women and girls of Horta are brunettes and finely formed. They dress in gaudy colored garments of calico worn short, boddices of contrasting colors and head dresses of fancy straw trimmed with high colored ribbons. Cheap jewelry in the shape of necklaces, armlets, rings and chains adorn the fair Fayalese. The men look like the stage brigands, with wide sombreros, green velveteen jackets, knee breeches and low shoes, and the inevitable sash in which is stuck the usual stiletto which I imagine is worn more for ornament than as a weapon. The market place was in the open air on a plaza or square merely roofed over

to shield the articles on sale from sun and weather. Any purse can supply the money for a purchase in this market. You can buy for four cents a leg or wing of a chicken a half pound of rice or a small fish. Two delicious oranges cost one "dump" a copper coin worth two cents. Lemons, Limes, Bananas and many other tropical fruits are in profusion, and delicious seedless grapes of the Black Hamburg variety are in bunches of five pounds each for ten cents. Our limited time ashore did not permit of further investigation of the modes of doing business, or of any examination of public buildings or churches. In the mean time Capt. Eldridge was negotiating with a ship agent who proposed supplying the Laurens with a stock of vegetables and in a short time two large lighters were loaded towed off and discharged into our between decks. The signal was hoisted at the foretop gallant mast "All hands on board" and hurrying to the little pier we jumped into our boat taking with us two boys natives of Fayal who had shipped as green hands and pulled off to the ship. The boat was hoisted up, the lighters cast adrift, the main yard braced forward and the Laurens turned her head seaward, and with a strong breeze we stood off South West to clear the land, and by sundown shaped our course due South for the Cape Verd Islands -- The weather on the run down from Fayal to the Cape Verd Islands was varied by a succession of moderate winds and strong gales. The trade winds were well to the North of N.E. and blew steadily -- Six days out from Fayal we experienced a strong gale which compelled the close reefing of the topsails, and as the day wore on it blew so hard that we hove her to. All night she lay tossing and plunging into the huge seas that are poetically sometimes called "Mountain Waves".

In no case do the height of waves even in the most violent storm exceed forty-five feet, that is the elevation of the wave crest above the hollow. Where a ship is hove to it means she is under a very small after sail and a small spread of canvas forward generally a close reefed maintopsail or a goosewinged topsail which is the sail close reefed and then the weather portion furled or tied up close to the yard. The object of the after sail is to keep her up to the wind or facing the waves so that she can avoid the trough of the sea and the consequent rollings and boarding of immense masses of water which would render her decks untenable. The small show of canvas forward is generally a triangular sail known as the foretopmast staysail which serves to steady the vessel and prevent her striking the seas head on.

There is no more magnificent sight or one that inspires more awe and an utter sense of man's weakness than a heavy gale at sea where they that go down in ships see the wonders of the Lord and the displays of His mightypower. The resistless force of the surges as they strike under the chess trees with blows like those of giants' sledge hammers would soon knock into splinters the strongest work of man's hands did not the <sup>pend</sup> ~~send~~ of the wave push the ship as it were away from the direct force of the blow. But sometimes where the ship rolling to <sup>leeward,</sup> ~~windward as she has payed off~~ <sup>and</sup> comes up again to the wind <sup>and</sup> meets a heavy sea, down comes the mass of hundreds of tons of water with a crashing tearing force that bursts in the bulwarks, crashes through galley deck house and deck load, and carries overboard all except masts, and those of the crew fortunate enough to be out of the way of the billow.



The Laurens rode the waves like a Mother Cary's chicken with decks as dry as a bone except in the extreme bows where a shower of spray would fall as her head buffeted an occasional cross sea. All night long the howl of the wind through the rigging kept up its minor diapason tones, but towards daybreak we had run out of the storm center and by noon were again on a smooth sea with royals set running ten knots with a quarterly breeze.

To-day we caught three dolphin and when hoisted on deck I had leisure to examine these splendid fishes. Built for sailing fast they dart through the water like lightning and as they pass before you are seen but an instant and then vanish away they seem like the visions of a fairy dream. They are the birds of paradise of the ocean. Their colors are of the brightest green and gold and as they play around the vessel you fancy yourself surrounded by veins of the most splendid gems. Their appearance when hoisted out of their element is beautiful, and as they gasp their colors change to all the shades of the rainbow coming and going as the light strikes them, now a mingling of gold, red and green and then as they gasp each pang imbues them with a new tint "the last still loveliest" and then the gray of death.

We supped that evening on fried dolphin, its flesh resembling that of the Spanish mackerel. It is not always safe to eat these fish especially when caught near wrecks or derelict vessels, for they feed on the barnacles or shell fish that attach themselves to the copper sheathing and thus imbibe the oxide of copper. Instances have occurred where whole ship's companies have been poisoned fatally by eating dolphins caught in the vicin-

ity of wrecks. Twelve days after leaving the Azores we sighted Fogo one of the Cape Verd Islands. We hove aback about a mile from a rocky shore that rose precipitously terminating in high volcanic cliffs against whose base was an iron bound coast with only here and there an indentation or small bay permitting the landing of boats.

Two whale boats headed by the first and third mates were lowered and pulled up a small cove a half mile deep, and after purchasing a boat full of pigs, onions, cabbages, pumpkins and potatoes which were safely stored away on ship board we made sail and shaped our course for Saint Helena passing Brava another of the Cape Verd group. No incident of importance occurred for the next four or five days except passing a wreck.

One morning while on the foretop gallant yard on the look out for sperm whales I saw away off a black speck or object rising and falling on the waves. It was distant about five miles. Hailing the deck I reported my discovery, and Mr. Babcock 1st Mate coming aloft with his spyglass made it out to be a wreck. The ship's course was altered and in an hour we were close to leeward of it. The main yard was hauled aback and I was ordered down from aloft and took my place in the starboard quarter boat. We shoved off and a few strokes brought us alongside the abandoned vessel. The wreck was a lumber laden brig dis-masted and dismantled. She had been stripped of all her running as well as standing rigging, and was a mere hulk. As she rolled in the ocean swell the water swashed up to the combings of her hatches which were open, and her decks were gaping in several places from the swelling of her cargo which was lumber. She had evidently been



many months floating and drifting, buffeted by gales, rolling in calms and slowly making her way to some rocky shore there to lay her bones. Where was her crew? Had some passing vessel rescued them? Or, had the gale that dismantled her swept them to death? It might be said of her crew to use Irvings words "They sailed from port and never were heard from again." Perhaps at home were loving ones from whom they parted with warm kisses and good-byes and wishes, who were even now waiting their return. Days, weeks, and months passed and still no tidings of the missing ones. Expectation faded into hope, hope into despair and the crew of that brig are sleeping the sleep that knows no waking until the sea shall give up its dead.

*Chapter 3*

Another week passed and the Trade Wind lessening in force, but blowing steadily bore the Laurens on. As we approached the line or equator the weather sensibly increased in warmth every day. The ship sailed slowly, and yet slower as the wind came in milder zephyrs, and at last dying away altogether in latitude 4° North, left us becalmed.

Next to being wrecked there is nothing more detestable to a sailor than a calm at sea.

There is an expanse or region of the ocean between the latitudes of 10 degrees north and ten south where the N.E. and S.E. trades having ceased, there are variable winds from all quarters of the compass, which sometimes blow faintly for an hour or more, and sometimes with terrific force, accompanied by torrents of rain and thunder and lightning, succeeded by calms that last sometimes many days. These regions are known as the doldrums. The trade wind clouds had disappeared, and the clear blue sky seemed to take on an

intenseness of color unflecked by even a speck of vapor or the tiniest cloudlet. The sea was as smooth as if composed of oil, and except the long heaving swell, was as still as the surface of a mill pond. You could look away down a hundred feet, and distinguish objects slowly moving, and apparently only a few inches in length, but drop anything overboard, and like a flash the tiny object would mount to the surface, and with gaping mouth armed with its triple row of serrated teeth, a <sup>huge</sup> ~~high~~ shark would appear, no longer the diminutive speck of the great depths, but ten or twelve feet long. Around the rudder played the pilot fishes, little fellows, no larger than a perch, but we knew them as the Avant Couriers of the tiger of the ocean, the dread White Shark. At noon the sun was directly overhead, and a man's shadow on the deck so short that it would be four o'clock in the afternoon before the declination of the sun permitted you to know you cast any shadow. The heat was terrific, not only from the direct, but from the reflected rays of the sun. The pitch in the seams softened and stuck to our shoes. No one ventured barefoot, for the deck was hot enough to cook an egg. The men who had work to do did it lazily, and without energy, and they almost slept standing. The air seemed burned up. The pigs in their pens gasped for breath, and the chickens in their coops lay on their sides with open mouths, and protruding tongues.

As the gentle swell rolled the ship, the sails slapped the masts with blows that sounded like a small cannon's report, and now and then as a larger wave came, she rolled first one way, then another, with a sudden jerk that almost prostrated you. When night

came the full moon rose, a ball of silver illuminating the whole ocean, and from the horizon to the ship broad bars of silver lay on the water, and as she rose higher and higher, the light had a kind of metallic glow, changing the sails to a pearl color, every shadow deepening. Day after day passed, some days with drenching rain, and thunder and lightning; for an hour or two, then the brazen sun with its heat drying the decks in ten minutes, and then a dead sea, with once and a while a sign of life, when the nautilus with his filmy sail floated alongside, or the many hued dolphin dashed by in pursuit of a terror stricken flying fish, or a lazy porpoise who tumbled along, trying to make out what leviathan the ship was. At last after six days of calm came a gentle cat's paw ruffling the water away off to windward, and then as it reached the ship, filling her sails, so that she felt her helm, and began to move, and then a small black cloud appeared on the horizon rapidly increasing in size until one half the arch of the sky was hidden. The water close to the horizon was looking darker as if a smart breeze was blowing and the sudden coolness of the air indicated a drenching rain. The appearance of the squall as it advanced was that of a huge black curtain stretching half way around the horizon to windward while from the zenith to the leeward rim of the ocean was clear blue sky and sunshine. The water lost its deep indigo shade and reflected the intense blackness of the storm cloud from which flashes of intense bright red lightning darted incessantly.

Capt. E. saw with a seaman's experienced eye the danger and sung out "Call all hands to shorten sail", "Settle away, royals and top gallants", "Man the clew lines and bunt lines", "Let go

flying jib halyards" -- "Haul up the mainsail" - "Another hand ~~there~~ at the wheel" - "Mind your weather helm" and as the yards came down on the caps, with a gleam of lightning, and a crash of thunder the black squall burst upon us and she careened over to her chain plate with the enormous pressure -- "Let go main and foretops'l halyards" sung out the mate - "Lower away the jib", "Put your wheel hard up" - "Hard up" "do you hear". And then came another blast of cold wind and again she careened, motionless as far as headway was concerned, with the smooth water under her lee, churning, and bubbling half way up her bulwark. The helm was hard up and the ship began to pay off slowly. The noise aloft was deafening, sails slatting, masts creaking, the hull's timbers groaning, and the spray caught up by the wind wetting her sails half way to her yards, and as she gathered more and more headway the waves, which as if by magic had risen enormously, striking her with sledge hammer blows, and landing in masses on deck -- Pig pens were carried away and lying in the lee scupper, chickens half drowned, ropes flying in every direction, and the decks lumbered with casks and other articles that had broken loose. And now the rain came, not the fresh smelling rain of our summer thunder showers at home where every puff bears the fragrance of the woods, flowers and green pastures but a steaming hot deluge of fresh water not coming in showers but in masses - the lightning was incessant, and the thunder in great crashes as if all the artillery of heaven ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> firing salvos.

For an hour nature's battle was raging, and as the sun had set the darkness which comes suddenly in these latitudes was intense, and then the fury of the squall over, the clouds drifted



slowly to leeward. On the far horizon appeared a streak of light which growing clearer revealed the blue sky gemmed with diamond points. Gradually the force of the wind abated, the sails were again set and trimmed and once more the "barque sailed well". The calm was broken and the gentle easterly wind bellying her sails bore us along seven knots an hour.

One week after we crossed the line, and the occasion was celebrated in the usual way. At 8 bells in the morning or 8 o'clock the decks having been washed down and the ship made tidy, it was evident that something unusual was about to happen. Whisperings among the old sailors and the officers, preparations in the fore-castle from which the green hands were excluded, and the sending aloft of all those who had never been at sea before, showed that something was in the wind. When all was ready a voice from over the bows was heard hailing the ship "Ship Ahoy" "Heave to". The main yard was hauled aback and the wheel put down hard a lee, the mainsail hauled up and the crew gathered aft. Then over the bows came two nondescripts rigged out to represent Neptune and his wife Amphitrite, both decked with swabs to represent sea-weed which was not procurable in blue water. On stepping in board His Majesty with a sailor's scrape of the foot and a low bow hailed the Captain and after passing the compliments of the day asked for the list of the crew. Having read it he demanded that the green hands be pointed out. They were accordingly ordered down from aloft, and being ranged in line were asked many questions including name, age and occupation, and each reply was registered with chalk on a smooth board.

The questioning being finished, one by one the green hands

were seized, conducted to a seat on an upturned bucket, plentifully lathered with suds made with salt water soap, scraped with a rusty iron hoop, and then tumbled backwards into a tub of water, and allowed to scramble out as they could. Some resistance was made, but overcome by force of numbers, and the initiation was complete.

The Steward then handed around a stiff glass of grog and the farce and fun were over. The Equator was passed and we were now sailing on the South Atlantic Ocean. As we made progress to the south the familiar stars of the northern heaven disappeared below the northern horizon, and new and strange constellations rose in the Southern sky. The Southern cross "Emblem of redeeming love" "Canopus" "Achenor" bright jewels in those radiant skies, Magellans clouds with mystic light that wonderful nebulous mass resolved by the great telescope at Cape Town into a thousand suns far exceeding our orb of light in size "with millions of other worlds than ours,, twinkling and sparkling in night's southern dome" beamed sweetly on our eyes. The sea birds whose home is in these high latitudes began to make their appearance replacing the gulls and Mother Cary's chickens of the northern seas. The Cape pigeon, the Molly-moke, and the Giant Albatross whose <sup>spread</sup>~~spread~~ of wings is twelve feet floated just above the water's surface wheeling in graceful flights now close to the ship ready to fold their wings and pick up morsels of food thrown from the ship, or sailing with extended pinions for a mile without a flap of the wing, now in the hollow of the sea and following the curve of the wave just clear of its curling top and as they met companion birds perhaps exchanging news of the day. When the wind freshened and we were running close hauled the flying fish disturbed by the rush of the ship through the water often came



on board, and especially at night, attracted no doubt by the light from the galley or the binnacle and were found in the morning in the lee scuppers a score or more. Generally the steward got possession of them for the cabin table but I often secured a few which the "Doctor," as we called the cook, good naturedly fried for me. The Right Whale porpoise too, a member of the blubber bearing family of hot blooded sea animals a magnificently formed denizen of these seas, often gamboled in schools of a score or more under the ship's bows when she was running fast, and many times I ventured out on to the martingale guy and fastened with a "gig" (a species of harpoon) to one of these edible fish. They average in weight from sixty to eighty pounds. Their flesh closely resembles beef, and when properly cooked is a very palatable article of food. The interior anatomy of all the blubber bearing fishes is similar to that of the land mammalia excepting the kidneys which are composed of small bodies attached together and bound up in a serous membrane or sack.

Bonitas, Dolphins, Skip Jacks, fishes resembling Spanish mackerel and sometimes Barrac<sup>u</sup>ntas darted through the water, keeping up with the ship crossing her bows and leaping clear out of the sea as if they were in play with the vessel. We were now off St. Helena the island prison of the first Napoleon "the lone barren rock" where the conqueror of Europe "slept his last sleep" "having fought his last battle". After consultation with his officers Capt. E. decided not to stop at the island as the season was so far advanced, accordingly our course was laid for Tristan D'Acunha one of a group of three islands lying south west of the Cape of Good

Hope where supplies of potatoes and pigs could be obtained and fresh fish caught in abundance. We were soon in latitude  $34^{\circ}$  south or about on the parallel of the Cape, and one hundred and fifty miles west of it. The trade winds had ceased since we had attained the parallel of twenty-five south, and we now got the "Variables" as they are called, or winds coming from all quarters of the compass. The weather was increasing sensibly in coolness and warmer clothing became a necessity. Application was made to the slop chest, or stores of flannel and woolen garments, and other articles necessary for the comfort of sailors. Tobacco, pipes, needles, thread and buttons form part of the stores which are provided by the owners and are sold to the crew by the Captain at very moderate profits, the bills for which are certain to be presented to Jack at the end of the voyage and the amount deducted from his hard earned wages. The whaling ground being near at hand we began to make preparations for capturing whales, and the cutting-in falls were rigged. The huge blocks and tackles were hoisted into position, and made fast under the main top at the head of the lower mast, and all day long the grind stone was revolving sharpening lances, harpoons, and spades, and the boats were critically examined by the carpenter and whale lines towed overboard to take out the "kinks". November had come, and we were out from home three months, and had seen but one whale and then during a gale of wind when it was blowing too fresh to lower a boat. Of course everybody was anxious to capture a fish, and bets of small amounts were made as to whom the honor should attach of first "getting fast". Look-outs were stationed every day at both fore and maintop gallant cross trees to detect the blowing of the monsters, and a small

purse was made up by the officers to be given to the man who "raised" or discovered the first whale captured and "tried out" . November third we had arrived on the edge of the Dutch Banks Whaling Ground an ocean plateau of about 800 miles in length by 200 miles broad stretching from near the Cape of Good Hope eastward through the Indian Ocean, the average depth of the sea being 600 fathoms. On these banks, instead of the deep indigo color of the Atlantic ocean the water has a decidedly greenish tinge probably occasioned by the presence of infusoria and by the "Britt" or insect-like organization that constitutes the diet of the Right Whale.

There are two kinds of whales that are most sought after by whalers, denizens of the South Seas, namely the Sperm Whale or Cachelot, and the Right Whale. The Sperm Whale has a jaw filled with strong ivory teeth. The Right whale has no teeth, the nature of his food not requiring teeth, but a black substance known as whalebone which is inserted into the gums of the upper jaw and extends downward to the tongue, in large whales a distance of ten feet. The inner edge of the whalebone has a fringe of hairy substance which serves to arrest the passage of the insects he devours. The Right Whale does not open his mouth to feed, but introduces his food into the cavity by dropping his lips on each side and by suction draws the food inwards. The Sperm Whale being armed with a powerful jaw crowded with immense teeth tears his food which probably consists of Polyps or cuttle fish, Octopi or devil fish and other large marine animals. The Right Whale has two blow holes placed on the top of his head and when his spout is seen it is crotched or like the water spout from a two piped fountain. The spout of the Sperm Whale comes from one blow hole located a trifle



to the right of a line drawn from the center of his head backward and is a low bushy spout. There are other whales of much larger size than either the sperm or right whale namely, the fin back which spouts a single perpendicular spout 15 feet high, has a fin on his back of about 12 inches long, and measures often 75 to 80 feet in length, being very shy, very fast, and having but a thin coating of blubber his capture is not considered profitable as long as right or sperm whales are known to be in his vicinity. Then there is the sulphur bottom whale of over 100 feet in length and having as thin blubber as the finback. The hump back or California whale comes next, and frequents the northwest coast of America and is often taken in bays and on soundings. All fish having blubber lay their tails flat on the water, differing from scaly fish whose tails are up and down or perpendicular to a line drawn from the back through the belly. The blubber on all whales is a fatty growth streaked and strengthened with white cords or filaments. The outside skin of the blubber is one quarter of an inch thick and covered in its turn by a tough scarf skin. The Sperm Whale yields the article known as spermaceti, an almost perfect imitation of which has been produced from coal tar and is known as paraffine originally discovered by "Paraf" a French chemist. Spermaceti is found in the cavity of the whale's head and constitutes one third of the total product of the whale. Thus a 90 barrel sperm whale will yield 30 bbls. spermaceti. On arriving at the edge of the whale ground in order to avoid missing any of the fish the ships are hove to at night, so in accordance with the custom we hove to by close reefing the topsails, furling the mainsail and foretops'l, and lashed the helm hard down. Two men were

selected to stand watch to remain on duty two hours, and the rest of us turned in for a good sound sleep of eight hours, a luxury which was appreciated by all of us whose quantum of sleep had thus far been only four hours at a time. The island Tristan D'Acunha and its companion islets Nightingale and Inaccessible bore W.S.W. of our position distant some eighty miles -- No whales being seen the next morning we made sail and steered for the land which was sighted at 4 P.M. -- There being no safe harbor or anchorage the ship was hove to during the night and four men kept watch being relieved at two hour intervals -- It was my fortune to stand the mid watch that night from twelve until 2 A.M. I say it was my fortune or I should have said it was very fortunate for I saw one of the most magnificent displays of meteors ever witnessed. When I came on deck at midnight and looked heavenwards my eyes were almost dazzled and I was bewildered by the constant flashes and explosions of meteors that seemed to come from a point near the constellation of the Southern Cross and then after tracking their way easterly finally disappeared behind a dense black cloud lined horizon. Hundreds of thousands of these fragments of some comet were darting with inconceivable velocity in every direction, now a dozen would emerge from the clear ether, dash into our atmosphere suddenly blaze out as the friction created heat, and maintaining their speed rush across the star gemmed heavens to be at once succeeded by hundreds more. Night's southern dome was all aflame, and the display kept up for full <sup>three</sup> hours. Perhaps they are fragments of comets, perhaps morsels of some once happy world filled perchance with all that makes life happy to intelligent animal exist-

ences, a world that having fulfilled its destiny in obedience to the Will of the Great Author of everything, wandered from its orbit, collided with some other planet, and broke into fragments each one revolving by itself in its own orbit, until attracted by our Earth, its course was finished in flame.

The next morning we squared away for the "Roads" or passage between Tristan d'Acunha and Inaccessible Islands.

These islands are rocky in formation and of volcanic origin and are no doubt the tops of enormously high mountains that formed part of a sunken continent whose extent was from the coast of Ireland to the land seen by Capt. Cook some hundreds of miles to the Southward of these islands. To the westward of Tristan D'Acunha deep sea soundings have been *made which show the bottom of* the sea to be 46,000 feet below the surface. These islands lie in south latitude  $36^{\circ}$  and bear West South West from the Cape of Good Hope 180 miles distant. ~~These islands~~ <sup>They</sup> are lightly covered in spots with soil that supports ~~sparse~~ <sup>sparse</sup> vegetation sufficient for the goats that abound, and for the cultivation of the hardier vegetables. The largest island Tristan D'Acunha is the only one that is inhabited. There are a few settlers who are composed of men, women, and children living apparently contented under the government of an English Man of War's man who rejoices in the title of Governor Glass. The Governor always asserts his prerogative and it is laughable to see his assumption of dignity when addressed by any one under the rank of Captain or Mate of a vessel. He is the owner of all the arable land on the island on which he raises potatoes, cabbages and carrots, and also poultry, sheep and hogs



which he sells to occasional vessels. He also raises a peculiar breed of dogs, said to be nearly pure St. Bernards a statement which I doubt, as it has been known for some years that the noble Alpine brute has no descendants outside of Switzerland. Inaccessible Island some fifteen miles distant rises abruptly from the ocean 900 feet almost perpendicularly, and as its name implies cannot be scaled by even the boldest of Alpine climbers. High above its top were countless sea birds wheeling in the air and occasionally alighting on their nests which they build on the level plateau on the top of the cliffs. The deposits of their guano would no doubt be very valuable were it not for the drenching rains that occur in this tempestuous region of the Southern ocean. Around the base of the island is a beach some 150 feet wide composed of cobble stones and boulders worn smooth and round by the eternal surf that breaks with a thunderous sound.

And here is that wonderful marine vegetable "Kelp" which taking root a hundred fathoms deep grows to the surface and then puts forth leaves or suckers some hundred feet long covered with long leaves which as the waves disturb them flap first one way and then another with a peculiar melancholy sound. Kelp is the home of innumerable crabs and craw fish, a species of the lobster family, that find their food among its branches and afford the fishermen a toothsome meal when well cooked. Swimming among the branches of the kelp at a depth of one or two fathoms are many varieties of edible fish similar to the red snapper of the Gulf of Mexico, the striped bass, the whiting and the weak fish. They are easily caught and when nicely fried are a relief to the salt junk and rancid pork served out on a whaler. The wind dying away somewhat

Capt. E. sent two boats with their crews to fish among the kelp which extended some miles from the shore and in an hour a few hundred fish were caught. Returning to the ship the boats were unloaded. Receiving permission from Capt. E. I took an oar in the 2nd Mate's boat, and we pulled shorewards. On approaching a rocky point we saw sea elephants, a species of the seal family, lying asleep on the beach. Cautiously approaching we lanced ten of them, and having stripped them of their blubber we returned on board ship. Scarcely had we hoisted in the boats when the man on the cross trees sung out "On deck there" there are two boats coming around the point. They were soon alongside, and proved to be first and second mates boats of the whaling ship Menkar of New Bedford Capt. Thos. Norton. They reported that the day before Capt. N. and his boat's crew had gone on shore for the purpose of capturing seals and sea elephants, when the wind began blowing so hard and the surf raised so quickly that in attempting to launch their boat she was struck by a roller and dashed to pieces. The mate said he had been all around the island but could discover no traces of the wrecked men and begged us to send two spare boats to make one more round of the island. It was agreed that as it was too late that day we would start early the next morning and make a more thorough search for the missing men. Accordingly on the morning of November 13th (my birthday) the first and second mates' boats' crews were ordered to get ready. Provisions sufficient for a week, and a plentiful supply of water, matches, candles, rum and tobacco were stowed away in water tight kegs lashed in the stern sheets, the line tubs and whaling gear were cleared out, and the rescuers pulled away encouraged by three hearty cheers

from those of us who remained on board ship. The Laurens was put under snug sail and slowly followed the boats as near as was prudent, and by 3 P.M. the tour of the island was nearly made when going forward I thought I saw a white object just above the beach fluttering in the breeze. I called Capt. E's attention to it and by the aid of his spy glass he discovered it to be a shirt elevated on a broken oar. Signals were made to the boats, which dropping their anchors in 5 fathoms, drifted to within a hundred feet of the beach. A whale line at one end of which was attached an oar was paid out and slowly drifting to the beach was seized by the almost starved sailors who made fast the line to a rock, and then with one hand holding the line each in turn swam off to our boats. We pulled to the Laurens, got them on board, dosed them with hot rum, and gave them a hearty meal of hot food, and by sundown we hailed the "Menkar" and transferred them to their old quarters. Before parting with them we were the recipients of blessings and innumerable good wishes.

The next day we ran down opposite the landing at Tristan D'Acunha and purchased from Gov. Glass an ample supply of potatoes and onions not forgetting to buy a dog whose days were very short, for in a gale of wind a month later he was washed overboard and the last we saw of poor doggy he was vigorously swimming toward the ship among the great green seas astern. As we sailed along the northern shore of Tristan I saw on the beach what was apparently a regiment of dwarf soldiers with white and yellow trimmings on their uniforms, and among them some with red facings. For a moment the illusion was perfect, but on the discharge of a musket they plunged into the water. They were "Penguins", birds that have

flippers instead of wings, and in lieu of feathers, hair like the hair seal. They have webbed feet with claws, and their voices or notes are simply "Hark" "Hark" which are heard at great distances.

Our course was now North East by East and favoring gales drove the ship ten knots an hour for three or four days when occasional spouts indicated that whales would soon be plenty.

We have to again at night and anxiously awaited the coming day, for as one of the old whalemens said "There is a smell in the air of whales."

The Laurens had been completely refitted by her owners, who more liberal than the average shippers spared no expense in providing for the comfort of her officers and crew. The beef and pork were the best the New York Market could afford, and the bread was well baked and put in well coopered casks. Her deck was flush fore and aft and nothing encumbered it save the galley and the try works, these last built of bricks between oak stanchions bolted into the deck, and so secured that no sea that might board her would be likely to carry the works away.

What would be called the quarter deck on a man of war was covered by a roof supported by stanchions springing from the rail, and it sheltered the steersman and afforded a support for two spare boats laid keel up on its roof. A jolly boat was suspended from the stern davits and was used for storing away pumpkins and onions and whatever fruits could be got at the different islands we visited. Overhead beneath the roof <sup>of</sup> at the deck house were suspended in nets abundant supplies of onions, oranges and lemons which were free to all, for Capt. E's experience had taught him that a well fed crew would work more willingly than a half starved one - and at every port we entered the boat and nets were refilled.



Capt. Eldridge was fifty years of age, stout and healthy. He had been some seventeen voyages whaling in the Indian Ocean and was always successful. His jolly red face was always lighted up with a smile, and his temper was even, he was kind to the crew, and affable and polite with his officers. Scrupulously neat in his dress, and cleanly in habits he always insisted on neatness and cleanliness in all parts of the ship. He was a Methodist and observant of the Sabbath both at sea and on shore. Geo. Babcock 1st Mate was a duplicate of Capt. E., but having had the benefit of education he was more polished. Elias Jennings 2nd officer 29 years old was from Southampton, and had followed the sea since he was 16. He was a splendid sailor, skilful navigator, and an intrepid whaleman. He boasted that he never missed striking a whale when boatsteerer, and never failed to capture a whale when he had thrown his lance. He could lay the keel of a ship build her up, mast her, fit her rigging and navigate her around the world. Isaac Mott 3rd officer was just out of the forecastle and a very ordinary sailor, but a good whaleman and a good natured honest man. The Laurens carried four boatsteerers or harpooners who when in a boat chasing whales pull the forward oar, and when the officer or boat header decides that the boat is near enough to the whale, peaks his oar and seizing his harpoon throws it into the fat sides of the fish. The men selected for boatsteerers are always those who have been before the mast one or more voyages, and whose coolness in danger has been tested. Of the twenty men and boys composing the foremast hands there were fourteen old sailors and six green hands or landsmen.

We carried four whale boats hung on davits, and the two spare boats on the deck house. The starboard quarter boat was headed by the Capt. The port quarter boat by the 1st officer, the waist boat by the 2nd officer and the bow boat by the 3rd officer. Each boat had rollocks for 5 oars, three on one side, and two on the other. The boat steerers pulled the forward oar. The boat header or officer steers the boat standing up with a 19 foot oar. Two line tubs are placed in each boat in which are coiled 200 fathoms of whale line which passes around the loggerhead in the stern sheets and then over the oars between the crew, then through chocks in the bow and is made fast to the harpoon, which rests on the gunnel of the boat convenient for the boatsteerer. When the whale is fastened to, the boatsteerer shifts positions with the boat header who gets his lance ready to pierce the whale in the most vital part namely a foot behind the fin. It was on a bright morning in December soon after 8 bells when the Lookout on the cross-trees sung out "There she blows" "There she blows" where away shouted Capt E. "Right abeam to windward sir" a mile off and coming this way "There she blows" "blows" "blows" "On deck there" "There's a dozen of them and right whales too" "Call all hands" "Stand by to haul aback the main yard" "Hard a lee" "Let go head sheets" "Settle away royals and clew up" "Aloft there do you see them now?" "Aye aye sir they're only half a mile off and coming this way and will cross our bows." "Stand by the boats" "Here you green hands stand by to lower away" Now then hurry up, and get the boats off, and go for them, there's fifty thousand dollars worth of oil in that school. Simultaneously the four boats dropped into

the water, their crews having followed them down by the slide boards, and were shoved off by the bow oarsmen. The oars were manned and the tough ash bent like bows. Pull boys pull cried Jennings to his crew, a fine athletic set of fellows whose youth weight and energy soon put them ahead of the other boats, and showed that they would be the first to get fast to one of the spouting monsters whose huge lengths were now fully visible from the deck of the ship. I counted thirteen fish in the school or gam as the whalemens call it. Every second a huge head protruded from the water and the vapor would rush out from the blow holes with the roar of escape steam from a locomotive. Babcock in his boat was close in the wake of Jennings, and his crew straining every muscle to be the first to fasten. Mott with his crew of boys and green hands was doing well and not far behind. Capt. E. in the starboard quarter boat was edging gradually towards the windward so as to cut off some of the stragglers of the "Gam" when suddenly up in the air went the tails of all the leviathans, and they disappeared beneath the surface to be gone probably fifteen or twenty minutes. Simultaneous with the sounding of the whales the boats ceased pulling.

When the boats are off chasing whales there remain on board the ship "Ship keepers" composed of the cooper, steward, cook cabin boy, and one or more green hands, who clear away the decks, coil up the ropes, and stand ready to man a spare boat if needed, or to make sail, and keep the ship as near as possible to the boats. The cooper acting as commander goes aloft on the main royal yard and with a "wift" signals to the boats the location of the whales, which sometimes reappear a mile away from the place where they



"sounded". The wift is a slender pole ten feet long, at the end of which is a canvas painted black and stretched over a rattan frame of globular form. This is always lashed fast to the royal mast. The starboard quarter boat which had edged away from the other boats was destined to be in luck this time, for scarcely ten minutes had passed when Capt. E. looking over the stern of the boat saw the blue of the water change to green <sup>and</sup> knowing from experience that the change of color was caused by the presence of some foreign body he threw the boat's head around with one stroke of the steering oar and in a low tone of voice said to the boat-steerer "Get up Charles" and to the crew "Get your oars in the water" A second more, and like an island of green rose the head of a huge cow whale close to the boat. I heard the roar from her blow holes as she expelled the air from her lungs, then Charles threw first one iron and then the other and jumped down to his oar "Stern all" "Stern hard for your lives" roared Eldredge, and as the boat shot astern the whale's flukes rose high in air and smote the water with the noise of a cannon. A mass of foam hid the boat from sight, and then the frightened animal lashed the water for an instant, and I saw the boat turn suddenly to windward towed by the fish at locomotive speed, the ocean white as snow and the boat almost hidden by the wall of water on either side of her which she parted with her sharp bow. The crew had turned in their seats and were hauling on the whale line, Capt. E. had changed places with Charles, and was poising his lance ready for work at close quarters. A mile of water was quickly passed, and although the speed of the whale was sensibly diminishing the cooper gave the order to brace forward the yards, and work the ship to windward.



By this time Jennings had fastened to another whale, and the rest of the school having taken fright were off like race horses and were going "head out" to windward. Mott and Babcock were taken in tow by Jennings, who hauled up alongside his fish and by repeated thrusts of the eight foot lance, set the blood flowing from the whale's blow holes. At every expulsion of air from his lungs, huge gouts of blood were ejected, which colored the water red, and as the breeze was brisk, the nearest boats got the benefit of the gory shower that drenched their occupants. Then after an attempt to run down Jennings' boat the huge animal went <sup>in</sup> on his "flurry" swimming round and round a circle of a mile diameter, slower and slower he forged ahead, longer and longer became the intervals between his breathings, and at last rolling heavily from side to side, he gave one convulsive gasp and with a shiver turned over "fin out" dead. We backed the maintopsail to allow a boat's crew to come on board and assist in working the ship up to Capt. E's whale which had turned "fin out" a mile to windward.

Making fast we towed the whale down to leeward and hove to alongside of Jennings' capture. The two fish were secured by chains passed around their flukes and the ends fastened to the windlass bits, all sail taken in except close reefed maintopsail and foresail and staysail, the wheel was lashed hard a lee, and all hands called aft to the capstan where a stiff glass of grog was served out, supper was eaten and all hands except two men went below to sleep and gain energy for the hard work of cutting in on the morrow. At 4 A.M. all hands were called, breakfast, or rather early lunch was served consisting of hash and coffee and the work of cutting in begun. The cutting blocks and rigging were unlashed and the laborious part of a whaler's life commenced.

The process of getting the blubber of a whale is simple but requiring the exertion of great strength as well as endurance. The chain which fastens the whale alongside is as said before attached to the windlass bitts, and holds the carcass alongside while the ship under her reduced sail forges slowly ahead and if a gale does not come on there is no interruption to the work of stripping the blubber. In case of a gale interrupting the operation the chain is slipped off and the carcass floats off to windward and the motion of the waves acting on the tail which lies flat on the water propels the dead fish right in the teeth of the wind faster than a ship can beat up to it. Attempting to hold on to a dead whale in a gale would insure damage to the windlass besides the loss of the chain.

The "cutting in" is effected by the use of large blocks with tackle or ropes four inches in diameter. The straps around the blocks are covered with heavy leather to prevent chafing, and the blocks are lashed to the main mast head directly under the main top and about 25 feet from the deck. The ropes or falls lead forward to the windlass. A stage or platform is slung over the vessel's side above the whale's head, and one of the officers stands on this stage, <sup>armed</sup> around with a sharp spade with <sup>a</sup> handle of fifteen feet long. As the whale lies in the water his fin is uppermost. A boatsteerer then goes down on to the whale with feet shod with ice creepers to prevent slipping, and passes a chain around the fin. The windlass is then manned, and a tight strain being got, the officer on the stage cuts the blubber around the fin, and severs the ligament of the ball and socket joint, and as the windlass turns, the fall hoists the fin with a strip of blubber at-

tached, two feet thick, and four feet wide. As the windlass winds up the fall, the fin and blubber rise, until the throat is exposed. Then the boatsteerer goes down again and hooks on to the throat with a fish hook of seventy-five pounds weight. The throat is hoisted in, and lowered into the blubber room, the opening to which is the main hatch. Then a hole is cut in the strip of blubber known as a blanket piece, the strap of the other tackle shoved through and toggled, the strip is then cut off and swinging in board and weighing nearly a ton is lowered into the blubber room. Then the head is cut off and with its whale bone hoisted on deck. The windlass again moves, a lip is hooked on to and so as the whale rolls over and over strip after strip of blubber is hoisted in and finally when the tail is reached the caudal vertabrae are disjointed, and the carcass floats away the prey of thousands of albatrosses, molly mokes, cape pigeons and sharks who soon devour it. After the whale is "cut in" the men in the blubber room armed with short handled "spades" cut the fat substance into pieces of a foot long, and with a pike toss it on deck where it is passed to the "Mincer" who slices it up and then it is thrown into the "Try pots" on deck, <sup>and</sup> under the pots a wood fire having been kindled. As the oil <sup>is</sup> tried out the fire is kept going with the exhausted blubber scraps from the "Pots". The hot oil is baled into a copper tank of 200 gallons capacity, and from thence drawn off into casks, which when full are bunged up, rolled away, and lashed to the rail until an opportunity offers to stow it down in the lower hold. If by the time the blubber is all tried out there are no further captures along side the decks are scrubbed with a strong ley made by soaking in fresh water the ashes or black cinders of the burned



scraps, and all traces of grease or oil are speedily removed wherever the strong alkaline liquor is applied, and the decks rival in whiteness those of a man of war. Our two whales were safely tried out and the oil run by a hose into the ground tier of casks which filled with salt water had served for ballast and were pumped out by the green hands who by the way are always allotted the dirtiest and the most disagreeable work on a whaler. This allotment of the nasty work is considered by old sailors as an introduction to the life of a mariner.

I had my share of this as well as other work, such as slushing down masts, tarring rigging, making spun yarn, turning a great heavy grindstone for the boatsteerers to sharpen harpoons, and lances, cleaning pig pens, etc.

Having been educated to expect others to wait on me and do for me what I ought to have done myself I naturally rebelled against the orders of low ignorant fellows who had no soul above their profession, and several times I met with rebuffs (wordy ones however) for, being physically able to take my own part, I never allowed a personal affront without instantly resenting it, in one instance much to the chagrin of the acknowledged bully of the crew, a fellow who presuming on his size ordered me to get a pot of hot coffee for him. I heard he had boasted he would make me wait on him. I went to the galley got his pot of coffee boiling hot, walked forward, and as he reached his hand for it I dashed it in his face and while almost smothered with the hot stuff I rushed in upon him and beat the beast until he cried for quarter. He never again attempted to bully me. From that moment I was respectfully treated because the older sailors saw what they might expect in



case they attempted to impose upon me. I never took advantage of my victory but treated my fellow sailors as equals.

Our two fish stowed down two hundred and ninety five barrels of oil, and the whalebone weighed nine hundred pounds. All hands were elated with the proceeds of our first attempt at whaling and a successful voyage was predicted. Our course under easy sail was due east and with strong following westerly winds we ran down the Indian Ocean for some week or ten days longer, but saw no whales, except fin backs, which are a species of the whale family remarkable for speed. They are very shy when approached by boats and fastened to will run for hours without stopping and when they "sound" or go down have been known to take out four hundred fathoms of line before rising.

One morning we were nearly becalmed and in the midst of a thick fog when a school of fin backs made their appearance close to the ship. A "break" or 40 gallon cask, long and slender was fastened securely to a whale line of about ten fathoms long to which was attached an old harpoon. The apparatus was carried forward, and Mr. Jennings standing on the rail near the anchor waited until one of the whales came within striking distance. A few moments passed, and suddenly a fellow of at least seventy-five feet in length rose close under the bows. With all his force Jennings threw the iron which penetrated Mr. Fin backs side, and then the "break" was pitched over board. In an instant up rose the tail of the fish and with a mighty sweep, it descended throwing the water high in air, and away went the whale, the brake disappeared, and the fog temporarily shut in the denouement of the incident. At noon the fog lifted, and a mile to windward, was that same fin

back going round in a circle, the water lashed to foam with his struggles. For an hour he continued to "fool around" as Capt. E. expressed it, until finally the line parted and the last we saw of the fish he was making tracks to windward at locomotive speed -- a sadder and a wiser whale.

I now refer to extracts from my log which up to this time had been kept in a careless manner recording only a few prominent incidents.

Wednesday, December 10, 1845. Raised land ahead the Crozet Islands six in number, latitude  $47^{\circ} 26'$  South, and passed to the eastward of the largest island which is rocky in formation, of volcanic origin, and elevated nearly 3000 feet. Its mountain peaks ~~was~~<sup>were</sup> covered with snow which extended to 1000 feet above sea level. No green thing was visible, nothing to relieve the monotony of rocks and crags, and no living thing visible save countless numbers of Penguins whose constant "Hark" "Hark" was heard above the roar of the surf. Formerly these islands were resorted to by sealing vessels which after short cruises returned laden with valuable skins, but the indiscriminate slaughter of young and old animals soon exhausted the supply. December 19th. Constant gales have prevailed up to date except on one day when we lowered for right whales but not being cautious in approaching them we failed to capture any.

To-day the Lookout sighted the island of St. Paul. Going aloft I perched myself on the top gallant yard by the side of Wilson the lookout man, and saw ahead of us at about ten miles distance a black cone shaped thing protruding above the surface of the ocean rising apparently precipitously from the water and lashed by

the great green waves that broke against it in white foam which contrasted strongly with the black rocks and the dark green water. As we approached, more and more of its general features grew visible, the huge cone shaped block of lava rock standing up on the one side, and the vast cliffs on the other rounding into an amphitheatre at whose base was a lake of calm water.

At one side of what proved to be the entrance to the basin was a tall straight rock some three hundred feet high, called the "Nine pin rock" on the chart, from its fancied resemblance to a nine pin. On the other side a perpendicular cliff rising a thousand feet above the water. The whole island was the remains of an ancient, burnt out volcano, and the lake occupied the space where in ages past, melted lava boiled, and fires blazed.

Through the crevices of the higher rocks, light gray vapors were ascending, whether steam, or smoke, I could not discover. A more desolate looking, deserted mass of deadness, I never saw.

If we land there said Wilson, we will go through that hole in the wall, between that tall rock and the cliff. I was shipwrecked three years ago on that island, and lived there three weeks on crabs and crawfish, and what I could pick up from the wreck of our ship. We had to drink the rain water that collected in the holes in the rocks, and I almost made up my mind I was going to spend the rest of my life there and play Robinson Crusoe.

Your experience must have been dreadful Wilson, were you all alone.

Oh no I had my messmate who was green hand on our ship. If it hadn't been for company I believe I would have gone mad.



Tell me about it said I.

Well it is a long story, and I will relate what I can while we are aloft here, and the rest when we stand watch together to-night.

Wilson filled his mouth with a fresh quid and began.

I was green hand in the barque Gem of Sag Harbor. We had been out six months, and after a good voyage and cruise on the Dutch Banks where we are now we ran down to the New Zealand ground and picked up a few sperm whales and filled up with Right Whale oil so that we hadn't a foot of room left to stow away another gallon. We hove the try works over board, cleaned and painted ship and turned her head westward with hopes of reaching home about Christmas. We had twenty four hundred barrels of whale oil, three hundred sperm, and 1800 lbs. bone, a rich cargo, and I calculated my share would be about three hundred dollars, after paying what I owed on my outfit. We had been living so long on hard bread, and salt meat without any fresh food that the scurvy began to make its appearance, so the Old Man took it into his head to stop off St. Paul's island and fish for diamond mackerel which are plentiful thereabouts. There are, at certain times of the year, a few French fishermen, who run down in a crazy old brig from the Isle of France, and fish around the island, and cure their takes on the rocks. The old man thought he might trade with them for vegetables for it was a long sail to the Cape of Good Hope which was the nearest port where we could recruit and fill up with garden truck. So we squared away for St. Paul's island and with a fine easterly gale we whooped along, the old tub loaded down to her chain plates showing the whole ocean ahead of her and rolling over the big waves as



if she knew she was homeward bound. Well this pleasant favoring wind lasted a week and then it came on to blow from the North and we were knocked off our course and steered full and bye. We saw by the looks of the sky that dirty weather was coming, and we were compelled to brace around the yards, and steer more to the N. & E. That night the wind came out butt end first from the Southward which was the right quarter to suit us, but it came too strong. In two hours we were obliged to heave to in the nastiest gale I ever remember seeing. The barometer went down to  $28^{\circ}$  and the gale came in gusts that seemed as if they would blow the old barky out of the water.

We goosewinged the maintopsail and set the foretopmast staysail, put two men at the wheel and ordered all hands aft, for it wasn't safe to be forward of the main hatch <sup>as</sup> ~~for~~ the great big seas broke over her bows and flooded the deck constantly. She had too much cargo in her and couldn't rise to meet the waves. Now and then we saw the sun as the great black clouds rushed across the sky and as they passed to leeward cast a darker shadow on the ocean. A mist seemed to hide the horizon, so that nothing could mark the line of separation between the sea and the clouds.

Everything on deck not lashed fast was adrift and thrashing about. The gale howled through the rigging as if ten thousand devils were yelling at once, and the spoon drift clipped off the edges of the waves by the hurricane, struck my face with the feeling as if needles were piercing the flesh.

About 4 P.M. the wind suddenly ceased and for five minutes no sound was heard but the rush of the waves and the curling sound of the foam. It was evident that we would have the wind from an-

other quarter soon, and all hands were called to man the braces, and stand by to swing the yards around. Before however the braces could be touched the wind shifted and caught the sails flat aback. It was impossible to get the yards around, the ship was gathering stern way fast when an enormous sea struck her on the quarter carrying away the wheel with the two men who were steering, and smashing the deck house into splinters, washed away the starboard quarter boat, and carried the Capt. and two mates overboard. Before the crew who were huddled aft could raise a hand to assist them, another sea boarded her amid ships, and rushing aft stove in the companion way flooding the cabin with water, and sweeping the deck of all living beings but me and Jim Brown who were clinging to the life rail of the mizzen-mast. I at once saw that our only safety lay in getting into the main rigging as quickly as possible, so Jim and I mounted the rattlins and got into the main top just in time to escape being washed over board by another roller that completed the work of destruction by staving in the bulwarks, and at the same time the fore and maintopmasts went by the board, the hamper and wreck falling to leeward. The effect of this was to ease her and she slowly paid off and got into the trough of the sea a perfect wreck. Of all the crew Jim Brown and I were the only ones saved alive. I looked to leeward into the hell of hissing, seething waters for a possible trace of my shipmates, but saw none. They were fathoms deep. Well there we were lashed fast in the main top, the gale screaming, the waves breaking over her. Everything that was destructable had yielded to the mighty force of the waters. I knew the barque could not

sink, for her cargo was all oil, and that when the gale abated we could get down into the cabin and search for something to eat. We passed a wretched night. The weather was cold and the spray was constantly drenching us, and we shivered all night long. Towards morning the hurricane had spent its fury and the sun rose clear. No clouds were in sight and the sea was rapidly going down. At noon a gentle breeze just rippled the surface of the sea and the heat of the sun was very comfortable so that our clothes were dried. Hunger soon gave us notice that food must be procured, and unlashng ourselves, we descended to the deck. The galley was a wreck, the coppers, pans, kettles and tinware were lying in the lee waist, but badly battered. I found a frying pan some spoons and forks and knives, also the coffee pot and a kettle which could be used for boiling meat. I then made my way to the cabin, and found the water had damaged almost everything. The pantry door was open, and on the shelves, and in racks, I saw plates and other articles used on the table, and in the lockers, plenty of bread, and some cold boiled pork and beef, also matches; with an iron belaying pin I broke up some of the dry shelving and kindled a fire on the iron bed plate of the galley, boiled some coffee, and then Jim and I <sup>sat</sup> ~~saw~~ down on the deck and made a good square meal, and then went aloft to see if any vessel was in sight. Nothing but water was to be seen, except the spout of a whale, and white winged albatrosses who flew in circles around us occasionally coming near and turning their heads as they swept towards the ship evidently trying to make out what we were. I came down on deck and as Jim and I had been awake all night we turned in to a couple of the driest bunks we could find and were sound asleep in less than a minute.



When I awoke the sun was just setting, and close to him on the horizon, was a black cloud like mass that I recognized as land. The sight of it inspired me with courage and hope, and both Jim and I felt our spirits revive with the prospect of soon being on land.

I had no idea of what the land was, for I did not know the latitude or longitude of St. Paul, but I hoped that whatever land it was we would soon drift near enough to float ashore on a raft which I proposed to myself to construct as soon as possible.

Another night came, and a light breeze sprang up blowing directly towards the land, and <sup>Calculating</sup> ~~I calculated~~ we would be up with the island before another night, ~~and~~ we both turned in again. I must have slept very sound, for when I awoke the sun was high in the east and the breeze steady in the same quarter. I looked to leeward and saw that we were only a mile from the shore upon which a tremendous surf was beating, flinging its spray a hundred feet high against the almost perpendicular cliffs.

As we were so near I saw we had no time to construct a raft, so I looked around for a plank, or spar to which I could lash ourselves when the wreck should fetch up, but found nothing available. In the meantime the ship was forging ahead fast and pointing right for that entrance you see there between the nine pin rock and the cliffs.

Jim said I am afraid we will have to swim for it. If the old tub touches the rocks she will go to pieces like a bunch of shingles.

Well, I am ready to take my chances said he, I can swim and don't mean to make my grave in this latitude.



I am glad your courage keeps up Jim, and I think you will need it all if a miracle don't happen preventing the smash up that seems imminent. While we were talking the current swept the wreck along, and just as she seemed about to strike a gust of wind drove her head around and she entered the narrow passage and floated into shallow water and grounded at less than twenty feet from the shore. Both Jim and I sank upon our knees and uttered the first thanksgivings we had offered in years.

The old hooker lay fast aground and as solid and upright as if she were in dry dock.

My first endeavor was to get ashore which I accomplished by fastening a boat anchor to a line, and slinging ashore it caught between two rocks.

Hauling taut we made our end fast to a belaying pin and then we went hand over hand and dropped on the beach.

Just as Wilson got to this part of his yarn Capt. Eldridge hailed us with "all hands down from aloft" and "stand by the boats". We had now approached within two miles of the island and the boats were manned for a fishing time, lines and hooks and squids being placed in each boat, boat anchors were also provided, and the stern sheets stowed with cooked provisions, and water in kegs, a precaution always taken when whale boats leave their ship even for a probable hour only.

The ship was hove to, the starboard and port quarter boats lowered, and with their usual crews in them shoved off, and pulled towards the shore. At some five hundred yards from the line of the surf we anchored and were soon pulling in diamond mackerel, and trumpeters, which last named fish are almost exactly the same

as the red snappers which are caught in the Gulf of Mexico, and considered a delicacy in New Orleans, and Mobile, many of them finding their way to the New York Market. We caught several *up* Barracostas, a long eel like fish with three long teeth, two of which are in the under and one in the upper jaw. That they are troublesome to handle was demonstrated soon. Thatford, one of our boatsteerers caught one, and in carelessly taking him off the hook received a severe bite, the sharp inch long teeth penetrating his hand. Occasionally a dog fish was hooked, and once I pulled nearly to the surface a mass of gelatinous matter, armed with tentacles a foot long, which I was told was a squid, or first cousin to the devil fish so graphically described in *Victor Hugo's* story, "The toilers of the sea". After fishing a few hours Capt. E. decided to unload our boat (the starboard quarter boat) into the bow boat headed by Mr. Mott, and giving him orders to return to the ship and discharge cargo. We pulled for the entrance spoken of before between the nine pin rock and the cliffs.

A short pull brought us to the entrance and passing in we found an almost circular lake of clear blue water whose depth was no where over twenty feet, and swarming with fishes and crabs of great size. We pulled to what evidently was the landing place, a flat rock, which shelved gradually from the beach to the bottom of the lake. On the summit of a low rise of ground was a hut built of some remnants of a wreck, from the door of which appeared two men dressed in sailor's costume who were greatly surprised to see us. One of them spoke English and interpreted to his comrade our conversation. He said they were fishermen from the "Mauritius" or Isle de France, that their brig had gone to the island of Amsterdam

forty miles to the northward to get vegetables, and would return in a few days. In the mean time they were engaged curing the fish taken by their fellow fishermen. There was no need of their telling us that they were curing fish, for on walking down the other side of the hill behind their cabin the perfume was almost unbearable. Certainly the fish needed curing for they smelled as if they were in want of a cure of some kind.

In company with Capt. E. I set out to scale the almost inaccessible mountain, for it was a mountain, being some thousand feet high, and by dint of climbing slowly, grasping a rock here, and making a jump there, we succeeded after an hour of extremely hard work in attaining the summit. We were well repaid for the trouble of climbing by the magnificent view all around the compass. To the northward lay the Laurens with main yard aback, and diminished in size to a jolly boat. A speck of black in apparent slow motion, was the bow boat, which having unloaded her fish, was pulling back to the fishing ground.

At our feet (so it seemed) were our other boats diminished three quarters in size but the men who were in them seemed no larger than rats. The thunder of the surf was like a far distant murmur, and the ocean appeared as if lying in a dead calm. The breeze was quite fresh where we were and the temperature somewhat cooler than at the sea level. Off to the westward we saw a ship some fifteen miles away with sails showing white in the sunlight. To the southward nothing but water, while in the eastern quarter we sighted three vessels the rig of which we could not make out.

At the foot of the mountain on which we stood the lake we had entered seemed like an immense mirror and the beach a narrow



ribbon of cobble stones. From the cracks in the rocks steam was issuing in threads showing that internal fires thousands of feet below under the bed of the ocean were still at work.

We remained but a short time, and ~~descended~~<sup>descending</sup> rather more rapidly than we had mounted ~~and~~ reached the boat in safety.

Ascertaining that we could not effect a trade with the two lone fishermen we ~~shoved~~<sup>✓</sup> off and pulling to where the other boats were fishing Capt. E. gave orders to return on board the barque. Supper was ordered, fish in plenty were fried and eaten, the yards braced forward, and all hands went to work to salt down our captures. By sun down we had finished the work, the decks were washed down, the larboard watch went below, and the Laurens was headed for the coast of Australia.

When we were well settled for a yarn Wilson took up his story where he left off and said:

We were ashore, and in doubt what to do, my first impulse was to find something fresh to eat. The island looked so barren that I did not think it could support any animal life, therefore fresh meat was out of the question. But I knew we couldn't starve, for the water of the lake swarmed with fish, crabs, and crawfish, a species of lobster, somewhat similar in taste to our American shell fish captured so extensively on the rocky Coast of Maine, but much more delicate in flavor. Jim Brown proposed we should make a tour of the island and see what our chances were of being liberated. We returned on board the wreck and after a thorough overhauling of the cabin we found some fowling pieces, and a supply of powder, percussion caps, and buckshot which we carried ashore, not forgetting some hard bread, and the remains of



our last meal, we also filled two bottles with water, and started prospecting -- After a tedious climb we reached the summit of the highest peak, and looked around the horizon. Nothing was in sight but water. Remaining there for a short time we descended. On our way down we halted for a few moments' rest, and looking back towards the top of the last hill we had slid down, we saw two goats standing on the pointed rocks and gazing at us. Where they came from, or where they were when we had passed their locality we could not imagine.

I determined to have a shot at them, and by carefully crawling, and dodging behind rocks I got within gun shot and killed one of them. We skinned him, and loaded with enough fresh meat to last us a week retraced our steps to the wreck.

We soon had a fire built and some of the old goat's flesh boiling. After an hour's seething we dished it up, and with appetites sharpened by our exercise began our meal, but of all the gutta percha I ever chewed that old billy goat was the toughest. We chewed, and chewed, but our teeth were not sharp enough. It was dry fodder, worse than salt junk. That goat was a hundred years old. I respected his age and ceased devouring him.

Jim suggested we should use the flesh for bait for the crabs and crawfish, which suggestion I seconded, and constructing with an iron hoop, and an onion net, a trap, baited it with old Billy's flesh and lowered it over board. In a half hour I hauled it up and found in it four enormous crabs, and half a dozen big crawfish, some of which we boiled, and made a royal feast.

At sundown we turned in not forgetting to say our prayers and slept until day break. When we got breakfast, and debated the

propriety of hoisting a signal for some possible ship that might pass the island. Accordingly we got out a royal yard about 15 feet long, shoved it on shore, rigged it with tackle and block, and finding the ship's flag in one of the cabin lockers, we went ashore and carried it to the top of the nearest hill, dug a hole, and inserting the stick hoisted the American flag, and giving three rousing cheers, went back to the beach.

I've seen the stars and stripes in almost every port in the world, and felt at home wherever the starry banner waved, but I never felt such a sense of protection as when I saw the flag of the free waving on Saint Paul Island.

Well shipmate, to make a long story short, we lived there three weeks, and had almost made up our minds that we were good for a year's visit, when one morning as we were fishing from the deck of the wreck I heard what sounded like human voices and the splash of oars, and looking seaward I saw a Man of War gig pulling around the point, and about 2 miles in the offing a frigate hove aback. I jumped to my feet, swung my cap aloft, and screamed, Jim, Thank God, we are saved, "Look there"; Jim was crying. He was always a little soft, and I thought he was mad, when as the midshipman in command of the gig came over the side Jim threw his arms around him, hugged him as if he was his mother, and then alternately laughing and crying, he danced, yelled, and acted crazylike. I must confess I was a little off also, for the fresh water was bubbling out of my eyes too.

A few questions were asked, the ship's papers which were in the cabin were taken charge of by the officer, and we were ordered into the boat. The order was given 'shove off, 'let fall' ✓/-

"give way, and we glided out of the opening, and in fifteen minutes were on board the United States frigate Potomac. The Commodore called us aft to the quarter deck, made me give him an account of our disaster, and turned us over to the First Lieutenant who turned us over to the Quarter Master who turned us over to another chap who showed us where to sling our hammocks. In the mean time the frigate's yards were braced forward and she walked away over the blue waves of the Indian Ocean bound for the China station.

We were on board the Potomac four weeks, and anchored at Hong Kong where the Consul gave us berths on the "Flying Cloud" a full rigged brig bound for Boston, where we landed after a four month's voyage, during which time we had favoring winds and pleasant weather.

On arriving at Boston I got a lift on the Railroad to New Bedford, and from there came over to Sag Harbor, where I worked at fitting out whalers until one day I shipped as old salt in the Laurens.

Just as Wilson finished his yarn eight bells struck, and I went below to sleep, and dream of shipwrecks, barren islands, Billy Goats, and Crawfish.

On overhauling my log I find that two days after leaving Saint Paul Island we spoke the Ship Fellows of Stonington and also that we lowered for whales but did not succeed in getting fast. This was the 21st December which month in the southern hemisphere corresponds to the June of the north latitudes. The day being balmy and the moon indicating settled weather we exchanged visits with the "Fellows". She was out a year from home, and looking quite gray and weather beaten. We were entertained in a rude but



hospitable manner by the strangers who showed us specimens of their handy work in fashioning, useful fancy articles out of whalebone, and Sperm Whales teeth. One man who was quite skilful with a lathe, and artisan's tools showed me a swift or instrument for winding silk or woollen or cotton yarn. This "Swift" was an ingenious piece of work, constructed entirely of sperm whales teeth. Long continued, patient labor, united with great mechanical skill, must have been used in its development. It was composed of at least forty distinct pieces, many of them inlaid with pearl, and other party colored shells, and the whole highly polished. Snuff boxes, rings, balls, knife and tool handles too, were made by these toilers of the seas, and would compare favorably with the work of any city mechanic.

Of whale bone too, many useful articles had been constructed, among them was a "Busk" or corset board, on which was nicely engraved the following:

This Jetty busk so lithe, and free,  
Which now to thee I give,  
Aided once in the mighty sea,  
Leviathan to live.  
Oh that its giver's lot might be  
In life a counterpart,  
In coming years be prized by thee,  
And pressed as near thy heart.

I asked who was the Author of the lines which I knew must be almost impromptu, and was introduced to John Sinclair a tall sandy haired freckled faced man of 30 who had the air of a gentleman and certainly the manners, in spite of his sailor garb, for he addressed me courteously, and entered into conversation as only those can do who have been accustomed to refined society. As he talked displaying a fund of solid good sense and general information I wondered what had compelled him to assume the position of green hand



on a whaler, and was several times on the point of asking him, but hesitated as he seemed to divine what my next question would be and skilfully turned the conversation into another channel. But his reluctance, as I thought, to speak of himself, soon disappeared when I mentioned I was from New York, he became more communicative, and told me in a few words, the history of his life, and the reasons for his herding among sailors in the dingy, dirty, fore-castle of a whaler.

He was educated for the ministry and bid fair to become distinguished in his profession, but yielded to the desire for intoxicating drinks. He married early in life the daughter of a wealthy merchant in New York, but his wife died soon after the wedding, and Sinclair to drown his sorrows had recourse to wine and stronger liquors, and was fast going to the bad, when his friends induced him to go whaling, hoping that long forced abstinence would cure him. He was the idol of the Crew of the "Fellows" and as far as I could observe during our short visit of a few hours, was treated with great deference and respect by the rude unlettered men before the mast. Of course he had a nick name; "Uncle Standclear" as they dubbed him took to it kindly, and evidently liked the name.

We returned on board the Laurens, and during the night we kept company with the "Fellows" but when morning came we had a brisk breeze which gave us an opportunity of testing the sailing qualities of both ships. The wind was abeam at first, and afterwards hauled two points forward of the beam which gave us with yards well braced up the advantage of the other ship, for our best point was on the wind or "full and bye" and in a few hours we were

well ahead of the "Fellows" and by sundown had run them hull down astern of us. Christmas morning 1845 broke clear, warm, and balmy. There was just enough breeze to ripple the surface of the ocean, and sufficient of the long lazy swell or heave of the water to lull one to sleep, literally "Rocked in the cradle of the deep".

The wind was a trifle abaft the beam, and the ship was a pile of canvass, with five studdin' sails out, and every cloth pulling steadily. Aloft the white painted trucks at the mast heads glistened in the sun light and looked like the pearly lining of shells, their whiteness contrasting with the deep blue of the over arching heaven.

"How silently they do their work" said Captain Eldridge as he saw me gazing aloft, and how beautiful a sight is a ship with all sails set gliding over a summer sea like this. He continued-- I was once off Rio de Janeiro, lying to, waiting for a pilot when the frigate Constitution (old Ironsides) came in from a cruise down the coast with all sails set, a perfect cloud of canvass, and with studding sails both sides from her royals down to her lower studdin s'l -- The wind was blowing dead on shore and she seemed like a great white winged bird, the water was scarcely ruffled by the wind and there was just enough air stirring to keep her sails bellied out without slatting. As she got abreast of us the Boatswain whistled, a hundred men ran up her rigging, another whistle, and the yards were manned as soon as they descended to the caps. Again the shrill pipe was heard and as if by magic the canvass was gathered in and furled, and the ship forged ahead a few hundred feet, her anchor dropped, she swung head to the breeze, and before the men aloft had reached the deck, the yards were squared in, and she

rested as calmly as if she were in a harbor. An interval of ten minutes more and we heard the clink, clink of the cable as it came running in, a pilot had put off from a schooner that had been coming out of the harbor, ten minutes more, and the frigate was again a mass of canvass, standing in for the anchorage inside the port. Yes, yes, said Capt. E. there are two sights worth looking at, a full rigged ship with all sails set and a handsome woman well dressed.

Christmas day on a whaler is always a kind of a holiday, not like our home day when we give and receive presents, but a day when sailors both in the cabin and forecastle expect relief from the usual work on rigging and sails, and put on their best suit, and enjoy a Christmas dinner. On board the Laurens we celebrated according to our means. We had no turkeys, but we had roast pig and apple butter. No ice cream, but the cook who is familiarly styled Doctor, gave us a flour pudding with raisins, and we eked out our bill of fare with a glass apiece of lemonade slightly strengthened with New England Rum.

At noon we got the latitude, and while looking through the glass I saw a star close to the sun and called the attention of Capt. E. to it who decided it to be the planet Vulcan whose orbit is the smallest of any of the known planets. The sight of that star inspired the following lines.

Lines on beholding a star on Christmas noon, December 25th, 1845, while crossing the Indian Ocean in the Barque Laurens.



Fleetly our gallant bark did win  
 O'er India's wave her way,  
 On that glad eve that ushered in  
 The Saviour's Natal day.

The Magellan Clouds of mystic light  
 The Southern Cross divine  
 And many a constellation bright  
 On that fair eve did shine.

But when the rosy morn burst forth  
 The night grew pale and wan  
 Before the day that first on earth  
 Spoke "Peace" "Good will" to man.

And as the sun arose on high  
 Benighted earth to bless  
 We thought of Him beyond the sky  
 The "Sun of Righteousness".

But dearer than the brightest ray  
 From Southern skies at night  
 Was a fair star at noon that day  
 That charmed our raptured sight.

It banished every thought of care  
 With thanks each heart did move  
 And seemed to us an omen fair  
 Of our Redeemer's love.

We thought of Bethlehem's Star that led  
 The Wise Men forth of old  
 To offer at his lowly bed  
 Their gifts of myrrh and gold.

We thought of Bethlehem's plain where erst  
 God's Holy Angels sang  
 Where on the ears of Shepherds first  
 Their song of mercy rang.

We thought of every gracious boon  
 Bestowed Oh Lord by Thee,  
 And hailed that star of Christman noon  
 A blessed augury.

Oh that our lot in life might be  
 To profit by this sign  
 And putting faith Oh Lord in Thee  
 Mistrust and doubt resign.

And when upon the last great day  
 At Thy dread bar we stand  
 May Mary's Star shed forth a ray  
 To light to Thy right hand.



January 1st, 1846. After a pleasant run we raised land ahead and running close in hove aback and viewed the land through our glasses. It was New Holland now called Australia. We were just off Swan River at the mouth of which was a place called Albany formerly a penal settlement of the English Government. The land was hilly and covered to the water's edge with trees, among which were pines whose balmy odors were pleasant to breathe when the evening wind was off shore. Our object in running in so close was to see if we could get sperm whales which are at certain seasons of the year quite plentiful off this coast.

The next morning while at breakfast I heard the welcome cry "Stand by the boats"; swallowing my coffee I rushed on deck, and made for my station i.e. the starboard quarter boat and as she struck the water I was in my place, the midship oar being allotted to me.

We shoved off, and ahead of all the other boats, but were soon distanced by the bow boat whose boatsteerer Manuel Francis fastened to a large sperm whale who no sooner felt the prick of the harpoon than he struck the bow of the boat with his tail and cut it off as clear as if done with a knife. The crew were in the water and the whale amusing himself chewing up the boat, his immense jaws with forty eight ivory teeth crunching it up as a man would a walnut. We did not stop to pick up Mott and his men, leaving that for Jennings in the waist boat who was nearer than we were, but we pulled off and on to Mr. Whale and Thatford sent him his New Year present in the shape of two irons which held well, We sterned out of his way escaping by a hair's breadth the sweep of his flukes and as he sounded we slacked away on the line, and as

fathom after fathom ran out, the logger head smoked with the friction. Over a hundred fathoms had paid out, when the line suddenly ceased running, and we turned round on our thwarts, hauled in on the line, recoiling it in the tubs. In a few seconds the fish rose to the surface, and darted towards us. As he came head on I could see his wicked looking red eye which I felt sure meant mischief. Within ten feet of us he rolled over, and opened his mouth his ugly jaw standing up straight. Then I thought of Jonah, and if ever I doubted the story of his boarding three days inside a whale I felt certain that as the entrance to the establishment was large enough for a good sized man to stand up in and keep his hat on, there must be room inside that sperm whale for more than one boatsteerer.

Captain Eldredge had taken his position in the boat's bow and with lance in hand well poised was awaiting closer quarters. "Stern a little" "Stern" "boys" "Not too much" "Charles keep her bow off a trifle" Then as the whale got within darting distance away flew the lance, right down his throat, again, hauling in the warp, he threw it once more. Down came the jaw with a snapping vigor, that showed faintly what could be done with such a powerful weapon. The boat was backed out, and by skilful manœuvring, we escaped his next rush, and gave him a lance just behind the fin, which stab reached a vital part. He soon went into his flurry, and inside of an hour from the time we left the ship, the whale was captured. He was an 80 barrel bull, and a valuable prize. By night we had him out in and before the next evening tried out 80 bbls. of sperm oil worth \$3,200.

During the next ten days we captured ten right whales,

and three more sperm whales.

As fast as the blubber room was empty there was another whale alongside, ready to be cut in. The labor was excessive, and to maintain bodily vigor we consumed food in great quantities. The cook and steward were kept busy and a roaring fire was going day and night in the galley stove. There was always a boiler full of hot coffee, and at noon the "Main brace" was spliced.

At last we had captured all we could take care of, and the ship's head was pointed for New Zealand which Island we passed on January 25th and hauled up more to the Northward. A few days after we again sighted whales and killed three. Several vessels were spoken by us, most of them whalers who all reported plenty of whales and much oil. The whales however were small, none turning out over 75 bbls. each.

Brisk winds mostly from the southward sent the barque spinning over the blue waves and we took the South East trades strong in latitude 28° South. Our course was due north and every day was warmer than its predecessor. For a few days we bowled along hoping soon to sight the society island group, Otaheite being our objective point for recruiting.

February 12th. The trade winds had slacked up and the barometer began to fall fast an indication of dirty weather.

The sky looked as if we would have a change soon. The trade wind clouds which had been hurrying away to the South West, were banked up to leeward, and lay there as if some obstacle prevented their further progress. The sea lost its blueness and was black as ink. Instead of the ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> or progress of the regular swell, the motion of the water was lazy, and the waves coming from



opposite directions, met and ~~stopped~~, and broke for an instant into foam, and then settled down as if too lazy to go further. The air was close, and sticky, and the very life seemed gone out of it. Around the bows of the barque swam languidly a pair of porpoises, who now and then rose for breath exhaling in a short puff their used up air. The nautilus floated along with tiny sail, but made no progress on the glassy surface. The sails slatted and banged against the masts, and the rigging slacked and tautened as the ship rolled to windward and again to leeward. Captain Eldredge stood on the quarter deck near the wheel, and cast an anxious look to leeward, where the thick blackness seemed intensifying momentarily. A glance aloft and then he sung out "Settle away the royals and top gallant sails, and lay aloft and furl them" "Hurry up" "and roll them up tight". "Forecastle there, haul down the flying jib" "Lay out and furl it" "Waisters haul the mainsail up" "Main top there" "Lay out and furl that sail" "How do you head now" ? (to the Steersman) N.W. by W. sir. At this moment Mr. Jennings the second mate came from the cabin and reported the glass 29° and sinking. We shall have it heavy out of that stuff in the S.W. Capt. Eldredge said he, I shouldn't wonder if we had to come down to close reefed tops'ls. Hadn't I better call "all hands" and get the ship snug for the night ? Just then a gleam of lightning so vivid as to almost blind one, shot from out the clouds to leeward, and a moment after, a burst of thunder that went crashing and rolling and reverberating like the discharge of a 74<sup>th</sup> broadside shook the ship from stern to stern. It needed not the order "All hands shorten sail" for out from the forecastle and cabin poured the officers and crew and every man was at once at his station. Settle away tops'l halyards fore and aft, let go flying jib sheets,



Cast off the halyards. Man the down haul, Lively men lively. Haul out topside reef-tackles. Lay aft you boys and tend clue lines and bunt lines. Put 3 reefs in all topsails roared Eldredge through his speaking trumpet. Work quick men. Here it comes, and looking to leeward, I saw on the edge of the horizon a white streak just under the clouds, and even with the horizon. The bank of blackness had mounted to the zenith, and out from it were stretching into the blue sky long fingers of clouds, that hurrying on at locomotive speed were fast hiding the clear sky. Some terrific force was pushing forward these avant couriers of the gale that was soon to burst upon the barque, and many a prayer was breathed for protection from the imminent danger. The white line of foam was advancing with incredible speed, the ship's head was pointing to the quarter from which the gale was about to burst upon us, and the danger of being caught aback was terribly apparent. At this instant the man at the wheel struck two bells, and as it was my turn to relieve, I hurried aft and had scarcely taken my position when with the roar of ten thousand ordinary gales the cyclone struck us flat aback. "All hands down from aloft" sung out the mate. "Man the main and maintop braces" "Haul the yards around men your lives depend upon it. A blinding glare of lightning and the instantaneous crash, told that the main royal mast was struck and the protrude forms of twelve men on the deck showed to my horrified vision the awful effects of the fluid. All order and discipline was lost, men who survived the shock ran hither and thither dazed by the blow. No one thought of hauling the yards around but each man seemed intent on self preservation. Gust after gust came (with it seemed) redoubled force, the ship gathered stern way and the stew-

ard ran frightened from the cabin exclaiming "The water is coming in the stern windows and the ship is filling.

Meanwhile I had the helm amidships and the ship was gradually yielding to the force of the gusts on her forward sails and then suddenly began to pay off to leeward. By a great effort I put the wheel hard over and then lashing it for an instant I sprang to the jib down haul and cut it loose and ran back to the wheel. This action of mine no doubt saved the ship. The wind caught under the head of the jib and with its mighty force burst the gasket that held it to the boom and a cloud of canvass was for an instant exposed to the power of the gale, and then went into ribbands, but it had done its office. The ship payed off and as she headed away to leeward, with a crash her after yards swung around and as the tops<sup>1</sup> filled she careened away to her rail over which rushed an enormous wave that flooded her deck. She rolled to windward and the hundred tons of water swept across her carrying away the bulwarks and poured into the sea a mighty cataract. The great green seas had risen and altho' the barque was going like a race horse they towered above her stern like hills, and their foam as they broke deluged the quarter deck. It was unsafe to run before the gale any longer and as the men shocked by the lightning one by one recovered consciousness, order and discipline once more prevailed. Ropes were coiled away, braces got ready for hauling and preparations generally made for heaving her to. Another hand was sent aft to the wheel to aid me. The foretop<sup>1</sup> was furled. A storm trysail rigged forward and the braces manned. "Put your wheel down carefully came the order". The ship slowly changed her headlong rush before the gale. Haul the lee main and main tops<sup>1</sup> braces. Round them in lively men. "Helm a lee there" "Aye aye sir" I answered.

Now men aft here to windward every one of you and hang on to any thing as she comes up to the wind. The effect of the gale on the aftersail aided by the helm being hard down brought her as near to the wind as she could lay, i.e. within 6 points, and as she breast- ed the surge, a tremendous sea struck her on the chess tree and finished what remained of the bulwarks. For an instant it seemed as if she never would rise from the burial, but buoyant as a cork she threw off the water and then settled down to her work. As the ship was brought to the wind its power was felt. The force of the tempest cut off the tops of the waves and flung them with such force that it was impossible to stand up against them. The spoon- drift or foam struck one like sharp needles. The roar of the wind through the rigging was deafening, and almost equaled by the noise of the waves that leaped and dashed against the ship with blows like those of a steam ram. All night long the gale continued and it was morning before its fury abated in the least. By that time the run of the waves was more regular and the view from the main top was magnificent. The ship would sink between two enormous seas that seemed ready to break on board, then she would gradually rise, and as she attained the summit of the billow, it seemed as if she were on a hill, then away she would go down down, and you could fancy she never would rise again, but her close reefed maintops' l steadied her and with helm hard a lee she kept up to the wind. At noon we had run out of the storm center and more sail was made and by night the South East trade wind again commenced to blow and the sea was smooth once more.

The wind shifted the next day and we squared in the yards and stood N.E. for the Society islands.



February 23rd. I was aloft on the main royal yard on the lookout for whales when I saw far off on the horizon a faint blue cloudlike mass about the size of a man's hand. Hailing the deck I announced the fact, and Mr. Jennings ascended the rigging, and seated himself alongside of me on the yard. I pointed out the object which had not sensibly increased in size, but which his practiced eye decided was Maitea or Osnaburg island one of the Society group. The breeze which was South East was the Trade Wind that blows constantly in these latitudes, and we were making ten knots an hour. Jennings reported his discovery to Capt. E. who ordered the helm shifted and the course altered a point bringing the land right ahead. Slowly the blue land deepened in color. Gradually it began to assume shape, and instead of looking like a cloud, it took on a sharper outline. An hour more, and its elevations showed a fringe of trees against the sky, and depressions between the ridges developed as valleys. The ship seemed to feel she was near a resting place, and parted the blue waves with her sharp cut water throwing showers of spray into the sunlight which changed into rainbows and wreaths of diamonds, pearls, and emeralds. The flying fish rose in shoals, and it seemed with a more elastic spring lightly touching the wave, and gathering renewed energy from their contact, plunged into the indigo water to rise again for a further flight. The bonitas darted past the ship with lightning speed, and the very waves seemed as they struck the weather side of the barque, to welcome us to the region of eternal summer balmy breezes, and the isles of the South Seas.

Another hour passed, our course was altered a point, and we glided along the lee of the land, just outside of the surf line, and hove aback opposite an opening in the reef. The Captain's and

Mate's boats were lowered and manned, after being provided with calicoes, tobacco, trinkets, and other small wares to be used in trade with the natives. We pulled thro' the opening in the reef and up a small bay whose surface was calm as a lake, and shut in by hills of Alpine height. The beach was composed of coarse sand and shaded by overhanging trees whose golden fruit contrasted with the deep varnished green of the frondage. A stream of fresh pure water came rushing down from the mountain and leaped and bubbled over rocks with a cool refreshing sound, and then mingled with the salt water of the bay. We were welcomed to the island by a crowd of copper colored Kanakas as the South Sea islanders are called, some of them; the females, with "tapa" or native cloth around the waist, the men with a less quantity of clothing, both males and females smiling, and chattering in the Kanaka dialect, which of course we did not understand. But "signs" the language that the most barbarous and uncivilized peoples comprehend, soon brought about a mutual understanding, and the basis of a trade was agreed upon. While the Captain and Mate were bargaining with the head man of the island I strolled towards a hut or house a few rods from the beach. I peeped in and on a pile of mats sat an aged Kanaka man squatted on his hams, his knees supporting a calabash full of a greyish pasty mass which he was industriously conveying to his mouth by aid of two fingers. Noticing my approach he signed for me to sit down and offered me part of his feast which out of respect for his hospitality I tasted and liked. Its slightly acid flavor and smoothness did not prove it to be objectionable, and being hungry I assisted the old gentleman in disposing of the contents of the Calabash. Of course we had no forks, knives or spoons. Fingers I have often heard were made before forks, so fol-

lowing the old fellow's motions I dipped my two fingers in, rapidly rotated them, and the substance which was like boiled starch, adhered in quantity, which like my host I transferred to my mouth. We alternately dipped into the muss, and finally finished the stuff which I asked the name of. "Poi" said he. "Maiti"; (good) Yes said I in English, but do you thrive on such grub? He seemed to understand me and rubbing his stomach grunted out again "Maiti". After finishing this my first meal of Kanaka make, my host pushed a calabash of water in front of himself, took a mouthful, rinsed out of his mouth the portions of the food that clung to his teeth which were white, sound and firm as ivory, and washing his hands in another dish of water made signs for me to follow suit, which I did, and bowing to him, thanked him in my language. Rising from his pile of mats he drew from the folds of his tapa a small portion of tobacco and rolling a cigarette offered me one. I took it and not to be outdone in generosity I gave him a plug of cavendish tobacco. The old boy's eyes sparkled, and he clutched the present which I afterwards found was extremely liberal on my part, for a plug of tobacco was the price of a hundred bananas. However the Kanaka was generous, for he beckoned to me to go with him, and gave me a huge bunch of 20 bananas, and oranges enough to last me a week.

There were other members of his family it seemed for as he was assisting me to carry my fruit to the boat, a girl of not over fourteen years old came running down to the beach and in energetic language made signs that she wanted some calico which she saw in the Captain's boat, and which she obtained in exchange for an exquisite necklace of red coral that she wore on her olive colored neck.



We finished our trading with the natives and bidding them good-bye we pulled our deeply laden boats back to the ship, and feasted on tropical fruits. I mentioned to Capt. E. my adventure with the old man who was so hospitable. How did you like poi ? said he -- I liked it much as a change from ship's diet I replied. Well sit down and let me tell you how it is made. "Poi" said Capt. E. is composed of bread fruit baked or boiled or yams and the pulp of the green cocoanut, both delicious articles of food when cooked in clean vessels, but having seen the modus operandi of Kanaka cooks I prefer to make my own "Poi". The pulp of the green cocoa nut is mixed by hand in a shallow calabash with the inside mealy cooked fruit of the bread fruit tree or roasted yams. Twenty-four hours' fermentation is needed to develop the acid principle in it which gives it the peculiar taste. During the process of mixing the artist in poi is not as careful as a French cook would be. Kanakas very seldom clean their nails, they also omit washing their hands previous to meals or culinary work, and then sometimes the poi adheres to their fingers, and they don't use napkins, and sometimes they have the influenza. However, you now know how poi is made, and have tasted it.

I thanked the Captain for his information and turned away wiser, but sadder.

Huzza for Otaheite; was the cry,  
The gentle island, and the genial soil,  
The friendly hearts, the feast without a toil,  
The courteous manners, but from nature caught,  
The wealth unhoarded, and the love unbought.

Byron.

The Laurens turned her prow towards Tahiti the "Gem of the Pacific" and the glad waters parted as her cutwater divided them, and "she gently made her liquid way" and

"The cloven billows flashed from off her bow  
In furrows formed by that majestic plow."

The second day after leaving Maitea we sighted Otaheite or Tahiti as it is most always called. First the tall blue peaks rising 4000 feet above sea level hove in sight then the lesser hills, and valleys, and then the low lands, and the white surf breaking on the coral reefs. Just at sundown we came to off Point Venus the entrance to Whitapea Bay whose shores are in the form of a horse shoe and lined with cocoa nut trees whose roots love the salt water. As the sun light faded away (and in these latitudes there is no twilight as we see it in our colder clime) the darkness fell at once, and all along the shore line appeared sparkles of light at irregular intervals indicating that in the huts and houses that were scattered along the beach there was life and humanity, and perhaps homes like those remembered by many of us voyagers in our far off land.

We anticipated making our entry into the bay in the morning but just as we were going in stays to make an off shore tack we were spoken by the Barque <sup>Leu</sup>~~Barque~~ of Sag Harbor Capt. <sup>Worth</sup>~~Barre~~ who had just left Eimeo an island 23 miles N.W. from Tahiti Capt. <sup>Worth</sup>~~Barre~~ reported good anchorage good harbor, plenty of fresh provisions and no port dues at Eimeo. This decided Capt. E. who ordered the helm put up and we left Otaheite behind us for her little sister who report said excelled her in conveniences for recruiting, and privileges for sailors not accorded to them by the rather strict laws of the larger island.

At sunrise we took on board a native pilot who met us about 5 miles outside the reef and gave us the news of the French occupation of these islands. We took in sail gradually as we neared the land and slowly moving under the influence of the gentle

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S.E. trade wind glided into the loveliest little harbor or bay I ever saw. On our port side as we entered the opening in the reef the cliffs rose 500 feet precipitously and were clothed with verdure to their base, wherever a crack in the rock occurred there an orange, lime, or lemon tree had taken root, and their gloriously green aromatic foliage with branches borne down with buds, blossoms and ripe fruit gave promise of feasts in the near future.

As we swung the topsail yards it seemed as if a man could reach out his hand and pluck the fruit. Close under the shadow of a mighty cliff the Laurens dropped her anchor, and it had hardly touched bottom when from a hundred canoes mostly occupied by girls of tender age came choruses of welcome and offers to sell, trade or give away fruit from their frail vessels most of which were laden to the water's edge with tropical productions.

"Suppose you friend of me, me friend of you" in broken English was shouted by fifty voices all at the same time. One olive colored, bright black eyed girl of the age when womanhood is stamped upon the form besought my attention to her offers of fruit &c. I asked Capt.E. if they were as generous as their offers appeared. He replied You will select your friend among these Kanakas, and are expected to be generous in your gifts of a little tobacco, calico, thread, needles, knives &c., and in return you can be assured of kind treatment and unbounded hospitality, in fact you will be considered as one of the family.

My young lady friend whose name in her native tongue was unpronounceable and whom I called "Mary Ann" remained my friend and washerwoman during my stay at this the loveliest island I ever visited, and often accompanied me on my strolls through the island. But more of her bye and bye.



We furled our sails, made the decks tidy, received on board some fresh fish, pigs and fruit, and after a hearty supper turned in.

The next morning we were called early and began hoisting out empty water casks which were lowered alongside and towed ashore to the mouth of a fresh water course near by. Two days of this work and then we were permitted to go on shore for three or four days recreation.

On entering the bay I noticed on the slope of a side hill an English built house set down in the center of a lawn of about ten acres bordered by a fine hawthorn hedge.

I decided to make a closer acquaintance, with such a strange object in this foreign land where I expected to find none but savages the grand children of those who killed missionaries a few years before and to show their respect, cooked and ate them.

A short walk of a mile brought me to the gate in the hedge opening upon a graveled walk bordered with gayly colored flowers among which I recognized china asters, holly hocks, carnation pinks, and nasturtiums. All of these floral beauties had attained enormous size. As there are no frosts here to check vegetation the growth of plants is not hindered and consequently prodigious developments are the result; close to the house were gigantic geraniums in full flower. Scattered over the lawn were trees of all kinds and every one seemed different from the others.

Apple, Quince, Pear, Peach and Nutmeg trees stood near Weeping Willows, while Maples interlaced their branches with those of Pandannus, Lime and Orange trees. A greensward of English red top grass rather coarser than the fine leafed red top of our

Berkshire meadows because developed by the constant warmth of the soft, was a refreshing sight and I could have imagined I was in one of the Housatonic meadows expecting to see a Meadow Lark, Bobo-link, or robin spring from the covert, and whistle their notes as I have heard them often on a slumberous afternoon in July, but the Society islands are not the home of song birds. Instead of the robin, lark, brown thrasher, fly catcher and song sparrow, I saw the parroquet, the mourning dove, the grosbeak and the woodduck. There are no very small birds as with us, and none with notes like the bobo'link whose liquid modulations <sup>are inimitable by</sup> I used to fancy were drops of pearl pouring into golden bowls, and like music one dreams of in heaven where sharp sevenths succeed the major fifth, and the "lost chord" is heard once more.

I turned aside before knocking at the door of the house to admire an enormous tree whose trunk was at least seven feet in diameter and the branches so long that they shaded at least a quarter of an acre of land. It was a fig tree and only rivalled by the famous tree on Point Venus, the entrance to Whitapea Bay Otaheite. Five hundred men might stand under its branching limbs, and among its boughs a hundred thousand birds could nestle. Its life time probably embraced a thousand years. Planted it may be six centuries before Captain Cook discovered these ocean paradises it sheltered generation after generation of peoples, and under its shade played in the olden time, children, men now, women now, dead now, and listened to the chattering of parrots or the soft wooing of the ring doves and other bird notes that came gushing from out those billows of green, a singing tree that would rival that of the Princess Parizade in the Arabian Nights tale.

As I stood admiring the magnificent specimen of vegetable growth I heard the door of the house open, and a gentle musical voice calling "Aloha", "Aloha" I turned, and saw my young friend of the unpronounceable name.

When I first saw her three days before, she was in her canoe, and dressed only with the native tapa scarf which, draped her form but lightly, allowing freedom of motion and showing exquisitely formed ankles, and a foot as tiny as a girl of ten years her junior. Now she was dressed with a blue spotted calico loose dress with her luxuriant black hair gathered gracefully up with a ribbon and around her neck a band of pearls of large size. Her height was a trifle above the medium of women's stature, and her motion was poetry itself. Her age was fourteen only, for in these warm climates the girl develops into the perfect woman at a very early age.

I nodded to her, and bade her good morning in her own language "Aloha a wyeeni" and in response to her beckoning I entered the house, and for the first time in many months met face to face a well dressed white woman of forty or more years. Good morning she said, I see you are from the ship in the bay. Yes madam I replied, and I ought to apologize for my intrusion on your grounds but as the gate was open, and the flowers on the borders of the path looked like old friends I was tempted to enter.

No apology is necessary sir, we are only too glad to meet with those who speak our native tongue, and who like yourself, evidently are not impelled by mere curiosity to enter our plantation.

Have you been long from home ? What is your ship's name?



and she went on asking a hundred questions, and by her manner placing me at my ease. During our conversation my young friend "Mary Ann" sat with eyes wide open, and as immovable as a statue drinking in every word spoken as if she understood all we said. When I called her Mary Ann she smiled, and the lady who I will call Mrs. Cavendish turning to her said in "Kanakan" the gentleman has given you a new name, but not as pretty as your own. Her name Mr. Stafford said Mrs. C. as she turned towards the girl is Adallah-owa which in English means happy-bird, and I believe she is the most contented, cheerful girl in Eimeo.

Her mother was one of our earliest converts and a valuable member of our church.

Mr. Cavendish you know is the resident missionary of this island, and is beloved by almost every inhabitant. When Adele as we call her was a very young child her mother died, and I have taken care of her ever since. She is one of the most promising of our church girls. I have taught her to sew, and she speaks a few words of English only, because Mr. Cavendish desired we should both of us become proficient in the Kanaka language and therefore he has "tabooed" English, so Adele has not learned our difficult tongue, but I intend she shall become proficient soon. She is a perfect treasure to me, always ready to do what I require, cleanly in her habits, modest, willing and respectful and far above the average Kanaka girl. We allow her to go off in her own canoe, and she manages it with skill. Is not afraid of the water. Is a capital horsewoman, and often accompanies Mrs. Bell the wife of the sugar planter on her rides over the mountains, when both girls, for Mrs. Bell is only seventeen, ride at a break neck pace over bridle paths that to me seem unsafe almost for pedestrians.

Mrs. Bell, continued Mrs. Cavendish, married her husband in England at the age of fifteen, she has therefore been resident here only two years. Mr. Bell was a merchant in London. Close application to business impaired his health, and taking advantage of an offer made him by a friend who had visited these islands he married and with his bride arrived here with health restored by the long voyage and with his extraordinary energy he has in the short space of two years made a garden to bloom on the side of the Mountains at the head of the bay, and has a fine sugar plantation which last year paid him a handsome return. Mrs. Bell is the only white European besides myself on this island, but on Tahiti we have a large acquaintance among both French, English and American families. There are few amusements here of course but we get along nicely by reading, playing the piano, riding, teaching the native schools and taking once or twice a year a sail to see our friends in Tahiti.

Mr. Cavendish's voice was heard outside and I rose to take my leave.

Pray remain seated said Mrs. C., my husband will be glad to know you. Mr. C. entered, and welcomed me with warmth. Asked me numerous questions about our voyage and the incidents appertaining thereto, and translated to his wife's protege occasionally some of the most remarkable, which Mary Ann listened to with avidity, and like the child of nature that she was her bright eyes glistened as the excitement stirred up her feelings. I spent a very pleasant morning with these truly hospitable people and rose to take my leave, but being pressed to stay to lunch I assented. While Mrs. C. called away by the necessity of attending to some household duty

left the room with Mary Ann Mr. C. turned to the subject of music, and asked me if among my accomplishments I counted in the heavenly science. I admitted I could play a little, and opening a melodian I sat down and gave him sacred, as well as secular music to the extent of my abilities. The sound of the instrument attracted the attention of my young friend, as well as Mrs. C. who when I played an Episcopal Chant "The Venite" joined their voices to Mr. C's and mine and a quartette was the result. Chant after chant was sung and the solemn notes of old Dundee poured into the open air sung in such harmony probably as never before was heard in that South Sea island. The words of the three other singers were native Kanaka, but mine were English and if never before or again the sentiment was in my case <sup>this time</sup> heart deep. But when in the anthem "Praise the Lord Oh my soul" I sang the words "Who saveth thy life from destruction" I thought of the hurricane we had passed through and all the dangers of the deep, my share of the utterance was real true genuine thanksgiving, and if there was a spiritual telephone reaching to heaven from that island the prayer went straight to the throne of grace.

I parted temporarily from these excellent people feeling that the short time I had been with them had benefited me, and elevated me and I really dreaded the companionship again of the shipmates with whom I had voyaged thus far whose standard of excellence was measured by the facility with which a ribald song or unclean jest could be uttered and I felt that the soil received from contact with these unclean vessels would require more cleansing power than was afforded by that of the Jordan when the physical leper obeyed the Prophet's mandate "Go wash and be clean".



The next morning Capt. Eldredge desired me to accompany him to Mr. Bell's house some three miles away up the slope that with a grade of 120 feet to the mile reaches from the foot of the needle peak to the shore of the bay. We pulled ashore, and landed in a little bay formed by the rush of a creek of cold spring water that came in cascades down from its birthplace among the clouds.

As we pulled the boat into the deep basin of the mouth of the stream we plucked from the overhanging branches, ripe guavas whose delicious red pulp was full of sweet juice and reminded me of a fully ripened vergaloo pear such as grew on the trees in my father's garden at home. With orders to the crew to have the boat ready for us at sundown Capt. E. and I pushed on and emerging from the thicket which grew so dense around the creek found a well trodden path that evidently led to the road which we saw from the ship's deck ended at Mrs. Bell's house.

Our walk on that beautiful morning was through groves of orange, lemon and lime trees loaded with buds, blossoms, and ripe fruit, and the air was full of perfume. Under the shade of bread fruit, guava and nutmeg trees we slowly wended our way, the road gradually rising at a grade of one hundred and twenty feet to the mile we were not conscious of the great elevation we had attained until after nearly an hour we paused for a moment in an opening when looking back we saw a panorama of the bay, the ocean and that part of the island where the house of Mr. Cavendish stood. The morning was perfect. The heat of the sun tempered by the light trade wind clouds and blowing gently from the sea shorewards carried with it all the mingled perfumes of the flowers and blossoms we left behind us. The ship lay at anchor and around her were a

few canoes of natives who had come off for trade or from motives of curiosity. It was a beautiful sight in an island where every prospect pleases.

We arrived at Mr. Bell's house where we found him and his young wife seated on the verandah enjoying the magnificent view and the balmy tropical morning. Mrs. Bell was dressed in pure white and with hair loosely done up and a small yellow flower on her breast seemed to me a well-dressed brunette. Mr. Bell asked us to be seated and <sup>ringing</sup>~~ringing~~ a call bell ordered sangoree and cigars. We sat there an hour or more, until lunch was announced and then re-pairing to the dining room sat down to a tropical meal. First oysters on the half shell then okra soup, bonitas, chickens and mutton. For vegetables we had sweet potatoes, yams, bread fruits, lettuce and green peas. For dessert, orange jelly, coffee, and a dozen different fruits, some of them strange to me as well as to Capt. Eldredge. After lunch which was a dinner indeed Mrs. Bell sat down to the piano and gave us some excellent music accompanying with her voice. After she had played, Capt. E. and I returned to the ship accepting an invitation from Mr. Bell to call again.

A few days after our pleasant call at Mr. Bell's I was desired by Capt. E. to carry a note to Mr. B. and accordingly I started soon after breakfast and after a pleasant hour's walk reached the house. On inquiry of the servants I found that Mr. and Mrs. Bell and the Cavendishes had about an hour before my arrival started on horseback to ride to the top of the mountain. As the morning was young and the road up the mountain side shady I decided to walk and meet Mr. B. rather than wait at his house.

I had proceeded a mile or two, and was approaching a turn in the road when I heard the sound of rapidly approaching hoofs, and I thought I also heard screams from female voices. An instant and galloping around the curve in the road appeared two thoroughbred horses dashing along at full speed. The foremost rider was Mrs. Bell who appeared to have lost control of the animal she rode. I saw her imminent peril, and as the frightened horse came on at great speed I sprang into the middle of the road and seized his bridle at the same time jerking it strongly and as the horse swayed I caught Mrs. Bell as she reeled from her saddle and safely landed her. The other rider was Adele whose screams when she saw Mrs. Bell's horse was unmanageable had frightened the animal and caused him to run away. Adele's horse being under better control than Mrs. Bell's was soon quieted. In the meantime the runaway was seen a few hundred feet away down the road cropping the grass, and not in the least discomposed by his gallop.

Mr. Bell and Mrs. and Mr. Cavendish now came riding up, and when the affair was fully explained I received numerous compliments for my daring and presence of mind.

The run away was soon captured, Mrs. Bell remounted and we all returned to the house where after a slight repast and a pleasant time I received the reply to Capt. E's note and returned on board the ship, where when I related my most exciting adventure I was again the recipient of congratulations.

Capt. E. announced that we would remain here only a few days longer and gave permission for all who wanted to stretch their legs as he called it to go ashore provided the night was spent on board the ship.



I improved the permission by going to the Missionary's house where I found Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish just setting out for a walk on the beach. They invited me to join them and handed me an umbrella of "Nankeen", a most perfect and desirable sun shade. As we rounded the point just beyond their house we came across a party of Kanakas fishing on the reef.

Now and then a larger fish than the line could hold was hooked, and when that was the case, and the line broke, the shouting derision and laughter was excessive.

But it was seldom that such an accident occurred. They were very expert fishermen and succeeded in landing a dozen skip-jacks or Spanish mackerel while we stood for ten minutes watching them. Fishing affords the natives of this island almost the only animal food they consume, altho' they have chickens and pigs, but the demands of the market at Tahiti which is only 23 miles away absorbs the spare fowls and pigs of Rimeo. The beach along which we walked was as smooth and as hard as a macadamized road, and altho' the sun was tropical indeed in its heat, the cool bracing trade wind invigorated us, and the nankeen covered umbrellas modified the glare reflected from the water. A mile above the point we turned landwards and entered a ravine down which a tiny brooklet murmuringly made its gentle way watering the roots of the guava trees that leaned over dipping their branches in the cool water their bright varnished leaves gently rustling in the breeze.

On a cool rock we seated ourselves and rested while Mr. and Mrs. C. listened to the incidents of my voyage hither, and while I gave them a description of New York City and the manners and customs of Americans.

We passed a few hours in this cool retreat and by a path through the woods returned to the mission house. I was again invited to eat with them, and again to make music, and with such airs as Greenlands Icy Mountains, Dundee, Mear, Old hundred, and the chants of the church we awakened the echos, and also attracted the attention of the way faring natives who paused to hear the to them unaccustomed sound of a quartette of voices hymning in that mission house the airs that only on Sundays were heard in the church.

I bade my good friends farewell telling them that we would sail in a day or two and gave my young friend Adele a ring which fitted her finger well and with which she seemed delighted.

Ten days after we had entered Tolu Bay we again hove short our anchor, and with topsails and top gallants loosed waited the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Bell who with the Missionary, his wife, and Adele, had promised to see us off.

At last their boat came around the point and alongside. The side ladder was lowered, they ascended to the deck. A glass of wine was drunk, hands were shaken, good-byes said, and as their boat shoved off the sails were sheeted home, the anchor lifted clear of the bottom, and the Laurens glided out of the bay of paradise, and as she met the long swell of the Pacific gently bowed her head and as we braced forward fore and aft and set the studdin' s'ls she parted the blue waves, and threw them back in hundreds of rainbows.

I looked back as we passed the reef and there stood Mary Ann waving her scarf and saying I imagine farewell.

My recollection of that South Sea Island will never fade, nor will the memory of it dim. They name Otaheite "Gem of the Pacific" but "Timeo" I christen "Paradise".

Perhaps youth and inexperience had a great deal to do with my appreciation of the beauties of that island. I have visited many other islets of that wonderful ocean but I never saw such a perfect one in every sense of the word as "Eimeo". *which since the French protectorate of these islands has been christened "Moorea"*

Our course from the Society Islands to our next stopping place the Sandwich group was N. by W. A pleasant run of a week brought us to latitude  $10^{\circ}$  South. The constellations that gem the Southern skies were gradually sinking astern of us as we advanced northward, and every night some new familiar star of our northern hemisphere appeared just above the horizon, and as I beheld them I felt as the school boy feels when vacation comes or as the Prodigal did when he returned home. Some new familiar scene, some landmark reminding <sup>him</sup> of the end of the journey near at hand. And at last as <sup>the</sup> line was crossed and the latitude of  $2^{\circ}$  north was reached I stood on the lookout forward one bright clear starry night, the sails just filled, the water rippling under her bows as if a tiny boat divided it, when away off on the edge of the water just where the sky met it I saw a light, a glimmer now, then it disappeared as the long lazy ocean swell rose up and hid it, and again bright, clear, steady, and I hailed the polar star. For months I had missed it, for months the southern stars shone bright for me, but here was the old familiar friend and the sight of it inspired the following lines.

Lines to the North Star when first seen after crossing the line in the Pacific on board Barque Laurens, April 6th, 1846.



Once more I cross the burning line,  
 And hail thee Northern star again,  
 Faint O'er the rim of ocean shine  
 Thy beams familiar to my ken.

Oft in my own dear native sky  
 I've watched of yore thy cheering light,  
 And still in thee I seemed for aye  
 A dear old friend to keep in sight.

Unyielding constancy thy law,  
 As fixed thou wert as fixed could be;  
 If change my watchful vision saw  
 'Twas change in me, but not in thee.

When from my home I wandered far  
 Tempting the wild inconstant deep,  
 Still thou didst shine my guiding star  
 And nightly o'er me vigils keep.

'Til passing from thy realm away  
 I saw thee slowly sink from view,  
 And sadly to thy fading ray  
 I bade a lingering adieu.

Full soon beneath night's southern dome  
 Gemm'd with its orbs of peerless light  
 I learned with raptured eyes to roam  
 And on its glories feast my sight.

Canopus there, and Achenor  
 Bright jewels in a radiant sky  
 With many a new unrivalled star  
 Beam sweetly on the stranger's eye.

~~There~~  
 And ~~then~~ the cross in glory streaming  
 Nightly the wanderer's eye doth greet.  
 Emblem for aye of love redeeming  
 That heavenward guides the Christian's feet.

But though bright orbs in splendor rolling  
 Their nightly rounds that sky adorn.  
 No Polar Star their paths controlling  
 Sits Monarch there from eve 'til morn.

No central light like thine lone star  
 Along the Antarctic deep is pouring;  
 To cheer the seaman's eye from far  
 As round his bark rude storms are roaring.

Yet 'mid rough gales, that lashed to foam  
 Around Cape Horn the icy billow,  
 The thought sweet star of thee and home  
 Has soothed to rest my anxious pillow.

And oft as o'er the heaving brine  
 Northward our barque has tracked her way;  
 I've longed once more to reach the line  
 And hail again thy cheering ray.

So welcome, welcome, long lost friend,  
 Thy rising gleam I greet with gladness;  
 Yet with my joy emotions blend  
 That wear a passing tinge of sadness.

Far, far at home are dearer stars  
 And oh with rapture would I greet them.  
 Yet ah ! one thought all others mars  
 The long long months ere I may meet them.

Yet guarded by an arm of might,  
 Thy beams sweet star I hail once more.  
 And oh may I not hail again,  
 The light that gilds my native shore,

And grasp again the friendly hand  
 And drink the light of melting eyes,  
 And taste once more the joys that fann'd  
 By friendship, only friends can prize.

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A cruise of two weeks in latitude  $10^{\circ}$ N. on what is known as the line whale ground where sperm whales are usually found in great numbers, turned out very profitable, during which time we took thirteen sperm whales, and over a hundred black fish, which are a species of whale never longer than from eighteen to twenty feet and very easily captured, altho' considered dangerous customers on account of their disposition to breach, or leap into the whale boat that attacks them, and by their weight smashing or swamping the boat.

I had an experience with black-fish which altho' without damage to life resulted in permanently disabling one of our best boats.

One morning early in April blackfish were discovered by the lookouts and the boats ordered in pursuit. There were thousands of the fish close to the ship and as far as the eye could see the ocean was white with the foam caused by their gambols. We fastened to a huge fellow who the instant the harpoon penetrated his side sounded, for a few fathoms, and then rising threw himself clear of the water and fell lengthways of the boat, smashing it to ~~atoms~~ <sup>atoms</sup>. We had just time to throw ourselves overboard as he struck the boat; for a few moments the air was full of oars, lances, boat debris, line, tubs and pieces of the cedar of which the boat was built with a seasoning of blackfish. It was fortunate for us that the waist boat was close by, for after I had been hauled aboard her I saw some triangular shaped fins gliding just above the surface of the water, and I shuddered as I saw the owners of them, huge white sharks swimming around us, and no doubt quite



was willing to take a leg or a hand, or maybe a slice of a body. We decided after comparing notes that it was safer to tackle a sperm whale than a blackfish.

The blackfish has a coating of blubber about two inches thick which when boiled down makes an oil almost as good and merchantable as the product of the sperm whale. A fish of twelve feet in length will yield about thirty gallons oil. They frequent the sea in the neighborhood of the Equator and breed largely. They feed upon squid or devil fish, and at certain times they may be found in the bays of the South American coast in immense numbers where they are often captured by whalers and as their oil is worth the same as that of the sperm whale many vessels fill up with black fish oil. As we sailed Northward the North East trade winds increased in force and we averaged one hundred and seventy-five miles per day. Ten days passed, and we sighted Diamond head, a prominent point of Oahu, one of the Sandwich Islands discovered by Capt. Jas. Cook in 1778, and at the time of his visit estimated to contain 70,000 population now considerably reduced by diseases communicated by white men. We anchored outside the reef at the entrance to the harbor of Honolulu the sea port of the island. Having put the ship in order i.e. furled sails man-of-war style, washed down decks, and cleaned up generally, permission was given the starboard watch to go ashore for one day. I availed myself of the opportunity, and dressing in my best suit I landed on the lava rock pier. My shipmates whose natural instincts led them to a rum hole or to some place where debauchery of the vilest kind could be

indulged in separated from me at the head of the pier and I made my way to the office of the American Consul by whom I was politely received and invited to lunch with him. I learned here for the first time that the United States Government had declared war against Mexico and that Privateers had already sailed from the ports of San Blas, San Diego and Acapulco on the Western coast of California. Whalers not being very fast sailers and their cargoes being bulky it was very likely that in case of capture our ship would be burned and the crew either murdered in the Mexican fashion or made prisoners of war to spend some time in Spanish prisons. This was not a very agreeable prospect for our future but on the Consul assuring me that our squadron in the Pacific would be very likely to look out for suspicious vessels and would also strictly blockade all the Mexican ports I felt considerably reassured. If the *Laurens* had been pierced for guns and had some addition to her crew I think we could have had some prospect of success in case of meeting an ordinary privateer. At the head of the principal street in Honolulu begins a beautiful valley which by easy grade rises to the mountain summit directly south of the city which is built on a plain. This valley called "Nuanhu" valley is bordered by tropical trees and profuse vegetation. Hedges of six feet high shut out the view, of any near by objects of interest, but occasionally at turns of the road there is a most enchanting view of the verdure covered mountains against whose summits the trade wind clouds discharge their moisture which descends in rivulets that leap in cascades of snowy whiteness halting here and there to form

ample in the distance. A man who can sport a pair of shoes

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in the depressions of the rocks pools of clear cool water in which a bath may be taken without money and without price. The brook - lets are guided artificially as they reach the hillsides into water ways for irrigating the Taro patches, that are carefully tended by the natives, the root of the plant being used for the national dish "Poi" which is made here in the same manner as in the Society Islands. The cocoa nut palm abounds in the Sandwich Islands and is planted extensively. Sugar cane grows in perfection, and many thousand acres are devoted to its culture.

The soil of these islands seems peculiarly adapted to the raising of the sugar cane. It matures in twelve months, and the average yield is said to be two tons of sugar per acre, but probably this is exaggeration. The sugar plantations are generally on high ground where the frequent showers or condensation of the trade wind clouds obviate the necessity of artificial irrigation. The streets of Honolulu average thirty feet in width and are kept in good order. The houses are built of adobes or sun dried bricks like those of Spanish America. Occasionally there are domiciles of coral rock hewn out with axes and cemented with mortar made from shell lime; sometimes you see a neat American built cottage of wood painted white with green blinds and surrounding it a tastefully laid out garden filled with perennial flowering plants and shrubs and neatly gravelled walks. Tall trees clothed with deep varnished green foliage shade the grounds, and luxuriant creepers almost hide the houses with their masses of leaves.

The dresses of the Kanakas as the natives are called are simple in the extreme. A man who can sport a pair of pants and a



coat considers himself well dressed even if he omits a shirt and a pair of spurs. The women wear calicoes and lawn and very little of either. The climate is so equable and the average temperature the year round being 80° clothing of any kind is only a superfluity and worn only because the laws enforce it for decency's sake.

On looking over my log or diary I find this -- Just returned from a horseback ride up the Nuanhu Valley tired and well used up.

A cow or a good sized ox would be much more pleasant to ride than one of the Kanaka horses. They either walk, or run. There is no middle gait in them. When I started to ride I was assured by the owner a renegade Englishman who made it his business to hire out his beast that the animal was a perfect saddle horse. On the start from the stable the brute walked and so continued until the city or village being passed and a stretch of country road appearing I urged him to greater speed. With a snort and series of kicks that would hardly be rivalled by the worst Virginia mule he broke at once into a run. I tugged hard at the bridle, called to him loudly, then softer, sawed his mouth, pulled first one rein then the other but all to no avail. He was bound to have his own way and I was bound to stick to him.

He raced this way for a mile or more and then suddenly halted in front of a low built straw thatched house on the side of which was a sign "American Hotel". Not wishing to stop at the palatial building I endeavored by pulling at the beast's head to turn him away, but all my efforts were futile, until a Kanaka clothed in hardly anything more than a hat emerged from the hotel, and suggested I should alight and take a drink, saying in addition to his invitation, that horse always stops here. I declined

patronizing the "American" but dismounted and seizing the bridle firmly administered several vigorous kicks to my steed supplementing the chastisement with some choice unscriptural remarks which (the remarks) had a wonderful effect. The gallant steed submitted at once, and remounting him I steered him up the valley road at the rate of a mile in at least 10 minutes. The view from the road at this point was grand. I had attained an elevation of some 2000 feet. The temperature had decreased to about 70° and a fresh trade wind was blowing, full of ozone, and health.

Occasionally a light shower would dampen the earth, and then as the cloud passed over the sun would evaporate the warm rain fall and the leaves washed and invigorated seemed to take on a deeper shade of that dark varnished green so peculiar to the tropical vegetation.

I was so far above sea level that I could see fifty miles away to the North and West. Away off like an emerald set in gold lay one of the islands, the sunlight lending its old gold tint to the blue sea and a white line marking the surf that broke upon the coral reef surrounding the island. The cocoa nut palm tree loves the salt water and every island of coral formation has a fringe of these magnificent nut bearers all the way around it. In the back ground, upon the more elevated land grow the pandannus or serew pine, the bread fruit tree, orange, lemon, lime, plantain or banana and thousands of other arborescent growths unknown save to botanists. Off at sea at various distances from one to 15 miles were ships, schooners, and canoes flecking the blue waves which at the distance I was above them seemed only ripples. Off to the South East lay Morotai island a blue cloud on the horizon. Away

beyond 150 miles lies "Owyhee" not visible of course from the elevation I had attained.

At my feet lay Honolulu a pretty picture with its houses half hidden among the foliage and its streets looking white and narrowed to mere division lines. A half mile further up the mountain I halted opposite a pool of clear water 50 feet wide and about as long formed by a brooklet that plunged from a rocky shelf a hundred feet above and broke into spray long before it touched the reservoir.

A dozen girls were bathing in the basin and unlike our American young ladies were not in the least disturbed by the presence of a stranger. My horse being thirsty walked to the edge of the basin and was drinking his fill when with the spirit of mischief <sup>in them</sup> <sup>by the young ladies</sup> I was saluted with a shower of water, thrown on me and my animal from calabashes. The young ladies finding I was not about to bathe in company with them liberally moistened both my steed and myself, and before I could get away from them I was well showered. I believe it is natural for a Kanaka to swim. I certainly never saw as graceful swimmers as these islanders. I have seen women take up their three and four year old babies throw them into the surf and then as the wave rose ready to break upon the beach dive through the billow and seizing the struggling child who was paddling like a dog, hold them a second above the foam of the wave and then releasing their hold urge them to strike out. The young savages always kept on the top of the water and never seemed unwilling to go a second time through the surf.

There is a great abundance of fruit in Honolulu.

Coming as I did fresh from a long voyage where my diet was principally salt food I was glad to taste without over indul-



gence the delicious fruits exposed for sale in the markets of Honolulu which are plentifully supplied at all seasons with oranges and every familiar fruit, besides many strange to me. Sunday morning I was again on shore and went to the church which was thronged with an audience mostly composed of women with a sprinkling of children of both sexes. I was particularly amused with the great variety of colors in dresses worn by the female Kanakas. Hoop skirts had just come into fashion in these islands, and altho' the prices of 1st class hoops were high, the ladies managed every one of them to show a vast spread of dress. The center aisle of the church was hardly wide enough to permit of the passage of two she Kanakas, but when the congregation was dismissed and the tenants of the pews emerged into the passage way there was a ludicrous display of lower limbs and hoops. A fat woman would try to pass a thin one, their hoops would collide and then another lady would attempt to pass, the hoops most of them constructed of whale bone or taken from sugar hogsheads would start up at an angle of 45 degrees and shoot up into the air, and the owners frantic with efforts to adjust them waltzed around lively and the anatomy of the dark beauties was revealed startlingly. In the scuffle to get out head dresses or hats became disarranged, unscriptural expressions in native language were indulged in and the prospects of a free fight were imminent, when the preacher in a stentorian voice uttered some Kanaka expression that calmed the rising storm and gradually the congregation dispersed without the pitched battle I longed to see.

Sunday afternoons are the holidays of the damsels of Honolulu, and if they can beg, borrow, hire, or steal a piece of horse

flesh they ride man fashion and with perfect confidence in their powers as Equestriennes. Inside the city bounds riding faster than a walk is prohibited but once out of town and away they go at a full gallop, their hair streaming behind them and their arms swinging like those of a Jersey windmill in a gale.

The Kanaka young ladies are not the most desirable near neighbors when the weather is warm, for they make a liberal use of cocoa nut oil on their raven tresses, and the perfume is decidedly objectionable to foreigners. I know of no smell ~~equal to~~ equal to that of the oil of the cocoanut. I doubt if the far famed twenty one distinct vile odors said to be natural to the City of Cologne if concentrated would equal in intensity the perfume of a Kanaka girl when exercise has developed sudorific secretion.

~~They are also very fond of bathing.~~ The Kanakas are always described by travelers as excessively fond of bathing. Bathing is a necessity with them for they are most uncleanly in their habits and it is fortunate for them that the Pacific ocean is so close by.

As is the case with all savage nations the contact with white men of superior intelligence and I would add wickedness has almost decimated the population. Smallpox and other skin and blood diseases have played havoc with them, and that horrible disease leprosy is endemic, and so dreaded by the authorities that the island of Morotai has been set apart as the lazar house for those who suffer from that incurable disease, that living death. We remained at Honolulu a week longer and then weighed anchor and stood off to sea bound for the North West coast of America where the great right whales abounded. The N.E. trade winds blew strong and with top gallants we boomed along ten knots an hour. Each day

the weather grew cooler, and more bracing and the winds held well to the North East until we reached latitude  $32^{\circ}$  north when it fell calm, and for 24 hours we lazily rolled on the huge swell of the Pacific. Then we got the cool norwesters and again went slipping along. An occasional gale of moderate strength compelled shortening of sails until we reached latitude  $48^{\circ}$  when we hove to at night, for the barque had reached the edge of the famous norwest whaling ground. The summer time had come for this part of the world and the days had attained their greatest length, so that we had but a few hours of complete darkness. We were gradually working to the North Seas and by August had sighted the Aleutian or Fox Islands.

Whales were not as plenty as we expected to find them, we having taken only six since arriving on the ground. Capt. Eldredge after consulting his officers decided to stand N.E. for the Straits of Behring and accordingly the yards were braced forward, all sail set and a N.E. course steered. Two days of this course brought us up with the land and passing to the Westward of the islands we hove to at night. The next morning at about 4 o'clock the lookout on the forecastle sighted whales. All hands were called, breakfast was got and all four boats lowered. The sea was alive with the fish. In every direction spouts were seen. Here was a gigantic cow and her calf close to the ship. One hundred feet away were a dozen bulls and cows with their calves gambling, rolling, diving and then after a few minutes emerging full length from the depths and falling in a mass of foam. Within a couple of miles of us were no less than eighteen ships, some trying out the blubber of their captures, some under sail, some hove aback



to lower their boats and some evidently full of oil and bone and either homeward bound or steering for the Sandwich Islands where there were always freight ships ready to carry to the U.S., cargoes and thus allow the whalers to return once more to the harvest of the great Nor'West grounds. The frequency of foggy weather on the Nor'West Whaling Ground renders whaling a dangerous pursuit. Many times boats have lowered for whales when the sun was shining brightly and in less than an hour a dense fog has covered the sea with an impenetrable covering lasting sometimes forty-eight hours. The ship Akbar of Sag Harbor sailed from home in 1844, made a remarkably quick passage round Cape Horn and without anchoring in any port reached the N.W. whaling ground some six weeks in advance of the fleet of whalers. The weather was cold but bracing and the usual gales seemed to have forgotten to blow. The sea swarmed with whales, and her crew was kept busy killing and trying out oil. Some 3000 barrels had been stowed down and she needed only 500 more to fill up when one remarkably (for these regions) warm summery day two of her boats lowered for right whales a quarter of a mile away from the ship. They were the second and third mates' boats. The second mate got fast to a large bull whale who showed fight and striking the boat amidships shattered it to pieces killing two of the crew. The other boat pulled up and rescued the survivors who were swimming away from the danger, and taking them on board double banked the oars and pulled on to the fish, fastened to him and after a short struggle killed him. Before he turned up however a fog rose from the water and the bearing of the ship having been unnoticed in their eagerness to capture their prey they were at a loss which way to pull. A musket which was in the boat was fired re-

peatedly but no answering signal came from the ship. Becoming alarmed the 2nd Mate shaped his course for what he supposed was the ship but after pulling to leeward an hour no signs of their vessel were seen. The wind which had been very light on leaving the ship now increased in force and the sea rose fast.

The boat intended for a crew of six men held three extra making nine in all. The nearest land was two hundred miles to windward. The N.E. breeze soon changed to a moderate gale and was increasing fast. The fog seemed more dense and the boat was shipping water fast necessitating constant bailing. The boat's sail was set reefed, the sheet hauled taut and the course was changed to the East. As she lay now easier and rode the waves well the prospect was favorable for riding out the gale. The night now came on and the gale increased in force, but as the waves were regular the boat shipped no water. Her sail held her up to the wind and she made five knots an hour. At that rate of speed the crew hoped to reach the coast of Alaska in two days at the longest. The crew had now been away from the ship some ten hours and hunger began to remind them that food of some kind must be taken. On examination of the kegs stowed in the stern sheets sufficient cold boiled pork, and biscuits were found to last them two days. The supply of fresh water in the boat bottle was three gallons only. The mate decided at once to eke out their water supply by trying to catch some of the rain which now began falling and jackets and shirts were wrung out and the precious fluid put into the pork keg which was tight enough to hold water. The boat flew on her course and rode the waves like a feather. The men were divided into watches, one watch sleeping while the other remained awake ready

for any emergency. Towards morning the sea went down considerably so that a reef was shaken out of the sail and her speed increased to what was supposed to be six knots an hour. The fog still remained thick and no object could be descried twenty feet ahead of the boat. Where they were going no one knew. They had a boat compass by which they were certain that their course was east but how soon they would sight land or what reception they would meet when landed they were of course ignorant of. Morning broke, the sea went down and the gale diminished to a gentle breeze but still the thick fog showed no signs of abatement. Dinner was eaten, a scanty swallow or two of water passed round, and the boat sailed East on her monotonous voyage. At last at 3 P.M. the welcome sun burst forth, the fog lifted, and right ahead of them rose a bold precipitous rocky coast. Not a tree or shrub to contrast with the dead gray rocky shore and land. A small opening in the surf line showed them where to land, and running in they beached their boat and weary, stiff, sore and worn out they sank upon the sand and slept.

After a few hours of sound slumber such as none but the tired enjoy, they awoke refreshed and in a measure prepared to face the realities of shipwreck on a strange coast.

A detail was made of four men headed by the mate and armed with harpoons, lances, boat knives and a musket they started to explore the land and search for food, drink and shelter. The men left behind were strictly enjoined to take care of the boat to which they were to retreat in case of necessity and if savages in superior numbers made their appearance to put off and make the best of their way in a southerly direction, keeping in sight of land.



The exploring party had not advanced more than a mile when a fresh water spring was found, and one man was sent back to their comrades on the beach with a supply contained in a small canteen and just sufficient to slake their thirst. A little further on they found the remains of the carcass of some wild animal which the mate said was that of a bear. After a tramp of an hour they saw ahead of them a dense forest of pine and birch trees which promised shelter from storms, for they had boat hatchets and knives and could quickly improvise a hut large enough to shelter the whole party.

Near the forest they were agreeably surprised to find whortleberries and wild strawberries, the former in great abundance on which they feasted, and then gathered a quantity for their friends on the beach. The land trended somewhat to the East and on further search a beautiful land locked bay was found whose shores were bordered with dense growths of bushes backed by enormous spruce, pines and birches. At the head of the bay a stream of clear water rushed down from the foot hills and occasionally a salmon leaped into the air in pursuit of a peculiar shaped fly which was evidently the natural food of those delicious fish. It was decided that all but two of the explorers should return to the boat and assist in pulling her into the bay. The mate and one sailor remained to await the arrival of the boat. A few moments after the departure of the men the mate Mr. Sherman heard a rustling in the bushes near him, and cocking his musket awaited further developments. The rustling continued a moment and then a magnificent Elk made his appearance and gazing at the strange sight of a human being stood for an instant perfectly still. The pause

was fatal to him, for Mr. Sherman taking careful aim sent a ball through the elk's head. With a bound the animal cleared the bushes and fell dead almost at the feet of his slayer. In an hour the skin was off, the carcass cleaned and partly cut up, a bright fire was burning and as the crew in the boat landed some of the elk was in process of cooking.

The boat was hauled up among the dense undergrowth where it would not be likely to be discovered, the hungry men gathered around the fire and as the meat was cooked each man received his share and hunger was appeased.

After their meal preparations were made for shelter during the night, and in a short time the boat knives and hatchets were used in cutting materials for rude huts. The fragrant branches of the hemlock and spruce were piled a foot deep, and when evening came they slept on couches more desirable than beds of eider down.

When morning broke the woods were full of melody, robins, cat birds, blue birds, and a hundred other songsters poured forth their liquid notes, and nature smiled.

Mr. Sherman succeeded in harpooning a 40 lb. salmon, and their breakfast was equal to that of a King.

Feasting sumptuously they soon recovered their strength and with returning health came the desire to find a way out of the unknown country where they had landed for although their subsistence was assured the longing for association with others of the human race could not of course be gratified where they were.

A council of war was held and after a long discussion it was decided to take to the whale boat after laying in a stock of provisions and coast to the Southward. A few days sufficed to procure what was needed, salmon were caught, smoked and packed away. An elk was killed and his meat dried by the fire was wrapped in his hide and stowed away under the stern sheets, the water kegs were filled, and on a clear breezy morning in July they all embarked and put to sea keeping a good offing and following the coast line until after five days' sail and rowing they reached the mouth of the Columbia river where, to their great surprise they found their ship at anchor, having put in for water. The joy of their shipmates on seeing again those who they believed were drowned can be imagined as well as their own feelings at being so wonderfully preserved.

Our success on the Norwest whale ground exceeded our expectations. Almost every day we lowered for, and captured whales of all sizes from the seventy-five barrel one to the huge Leviathan that stowed down three hundred barrels. We had our share of gales and foul weather, calms, and rains and were in latitude 70° North at one time where although the season of the year was high summer namely August, the weather was cold enough for the thickest clothing.



At last the fogs became so constant, and the cold increased so fast that Capt. E. decided to run for warm weather, and we squared away for the Sandwich Islands bound for our former port Honolulu where we arrived after a three weeks' passage and gladly hailed the tropical warmth of the sunny islands.

We remained a week at Honolulu, and lifting our anchor sailed for Maui another of the Sandwich group and anchored at <sup>Lahaina</sup> Lahaina the principal port of the island where we remained only a day, and then squared the yards for Owyhee the great volcanic island whose smoking mountain Mauna Loa towers up 17,000 thousand feet and is a landmark to sailors fifty miles away.

We anchored in Karakakoa Bay the scene of the Massacre of Captain Cook and having made all snug aboard the ship, two boats were lowered and the starboard watch pulled ashore for a day's run and exercise on dry land. The natives met us at the landing and welcomed us heartily, for did we not each of us have a few silver dollars and did not the Kanakas know it?

A day's run on shore and a tramp up among the hills sufficed for me and when the shadows began to fall I repaired to the beach and found a boat load of my tired fellow sailors ready to go on board ship.

A week's stay here during which time we visited the shore more than once, and some hard work in watering the ship was enough for me, and when the welcome order was given "Man the windlass." "Lay aloft and loose topsail" I was greatly pleased, for I knew we were homeward bound, and altho' it would be months before we breathed the air of home, it was a medicine for the homesickness

that acted soothingly, and it was with hearty good will that when I was ordered to the wheel and told to keep her Southeast I steered "small," and the old bark never made a straighter course than during my two hours' trick at the helm, and when I resigned my labor to my successor he said in reply to my keep her Southeast, Aye, aye, I will, and will steer close, for the Sag Harbor gals have got hold of the tow rope and the old lady knows she is homeward bound. That night when I turned in to my berth and slept, my dreams were of home, and in my fancy I trod again my native hills, and heard the familiar sounds of home and saw and talked with father, mother and sisters, and drank the light of melting eyes, and was welcomed home again as a wanderer whose coming was prayed for many and many a time, and for whose welfare and preservation while rocked in the cradle of the deep, heartfelt petitions were sent before the Throne of Grace. When morning came and the rude summons "Star-board watch ahoy" was bellowed down the hatchway dispelling the visions of home, I felt that I had slept well, and refreshed for the work of the day I thanked the All seeing, All protecting for my sleep, my dreams, and my preservation.

Away we went running down the Northeast trades across the line, and when with only one day's calm we took the Southeast trade winds strong enough to furl royals, and the Laurens with all the sail she could bear went tearing thro' the Pacific's blue waters with a bone in her mouth, until in latitude 30° South we hove to again at night and once more got ready for the capture of right whales.

A week or two of successful whaling gave us 500 barrels more of oil and considerable bone and then as the season was quite

advanced we sailed more to the Southward until we got on what was known as the New Zealand ground in latitude  $50^{\circ}$  South where the weather was quite cool. During our cruise on the New Zealand ground we spoke a dozen or more whalers, some trying out blubber, some homeward bound and trying to get one more whale to fill up with, and some fresh out from home and having their first experience before sailing to the sperm whale grounds on the line. The season now had advanced so far that whales were getting scarce and January was close at hand when the whaling off Patagonia is most successfully prosecuted, so Capt. Eldridge decided to put off for Cape Horn and the course being changed to due East we squared in the yards and with a heavy sea following us the ship went along reeling off twelve knots an hour.

We doubled Cape Horn January 19th, 1847, and passed to the Westward of the Falkland Islands, and then changing our course to due North with favoring gales soon reached the False Banks or the Right whale ground off the coast of Patagonia where with moderate success we spent three weeks of alternate gales and fogs.

After taking some 500 barrels of oil we put off for St. Catherine's Island which lies close to the mainland of Southern Brazil and surrounded by land on all sides we anchored in a pretty bay fringed with semi tropical vegetation. Orange, lemon and coffee trees were in profusion and we reveled in the midst of fruits of all kinds which could be got for the asking.

We remained a week at St. Catherine's and then sailed to the southward to cruise on the main banks which location is a hundred miles to the North of the mouth of the Rio de la plata. The season had advanced so far that the whales were scarce and our take was small, only two fish being captured.



The boats however were lowered every day for the capture of Diamond Mackerel of which we caught and salted down twenty barrels. The mackerel soon became scarce, so Capt. Eldridge had a council with his officers and decided to run for Rio de Janeiro and sell our cargo of oil and bone and then take a freight of coffee and start for home. The glad news soon spread and with willing and nimble feet we mounted the rigging when the order came "Lay aloft and loose top-gallant sails and royals, Rig out the topmost studdin' s'l booms, keep her due North, and in ten minutes the Laurens with all sail set was plowing through the water bound for Rio de Janeiro and a rest for a month or more. A few days of strong Southerly and Easterly winds brought the barque to the latitude of Cape Frio and sighting that headland we steered due West and one morning as the sun rose we saw right ahead the Sugar Loaf Mountain that peculiarly shaped mass of rock 900 feet high and wooded to its summit that marks the entrance to the most magnificent harbor in the world in which the combined fleets of every nation might swing at anchor.

The scenery along the coast of Brazil as you approach Rio is bold and mountainous. The numerous clefts in the hills are valleys clothed in green and well cultivated; coffee and sugar plantations abound and tropical fruit trees are seen in a flourishing condition. As you approach the coast the mountains on the south of the sugar loaf assume the outline of a giant lying on his back, the sugar loaf representing his feet.

On the North side of the entrance the Mountain is precipitous and is cleft from its summit to its base by some convul -

sion of nature to the width of one hundred and fifty feet. High in the air at the altitude of 500 feet engineers have spanned the chasm with a light suspension bridge which from the deck of our ship looks like a spider web so distance has softened its outlines.

At the base of the mountain and built in terraces hewn out of the solid rock is the Santa Cruz battery a strong fort of two tiers of heavy guns and commanding the narrow entrance to the harbor.

As we sailed along new surprises met our vision. To the left the land trends away and for ten miles an arm of the bay extends in a southerly direction, and along its shores are elegant country seats, coffee farms, orange groves and spice plantations. We sail on and to the right we see duplicated the bay on the south. Highly cultivated plantations, cosy dwellings showing white amid the dark green foliage, sail boats flying across the bay; ships at anchor. Brigs, schooners and sloops dotting the water, their white sails reflecting the sunlight, and the water just ruffled with the sea breeze which has just commenced to blow.

A few miles more and the City heaves in sight a town of nearly 400,000 inhabitants, and the capital of the Empire of Brazil. We dropped anchor at the quarantine ground, and furling sails, cleaned ship, and when our turn came were boarded by the Custom House officers who after inspecting our papers gave permission to Capt. E. to proceed further up the bay in the morning.

The next day we hove up anchor and under topsails moved to our final resting place just opposite the Palace Square and the sand hook fastened the old Barky.

Outside of Rio de Janeiro the dirtiest city I ever visited, and about five miles away to the southward, are the Government Botanical Gardens covering about 700 acres of land. The approach to the Gardens is by a smooth hundred feet wide road and the entrance is through massive gates attended by an Officer in uniform. Carriages are not allowed to proceed further than around a short circular drive, their passengers alighting, and viewing the Gardens on foot. From the gates a broad avenue, 100 feet wide and bordered with enormous cabbage palms stretches away nearly a mile to the base of a precipitous mountain that rises 5,000 feet high and around whose summit clouds float and down whose sides leap in white cascades the distillation of the vapor. A stream of clear crystal water runs through the Gardens, and is diverted here and there into marble gutters that distribute ample moisture for the nourishment of the 100,000 specimens of trees, shrubs and grasses that make these Gardens a paradise.

Radiating from the main avenue are walks paved with marble slabs and shaded by spice-bearing trees, apple, peach, plum and cherry trees, standing in loving nearness to their tropical brethren the nutmeg, aloe, pomagranate, lemon, custard apple, cheremoya and others too many to name. Over a clear pool leans an English weeping willow, and close by a bread-fruit tree, rose bushes, geraniums and northern flowers vie with plants native to Brazil, and buds, flowers and ripe fruits are in abundance. Black laborers are everywhere, constantly weeding, pruning and digging. One was clearing falling leaves from a path, and another carrying away in a bag the accumulations that had been gathered in heaps. Grottoes here and there, some natural, some artificial, afforded resting places and shelter from the frequent showers that fell, as well



as from the glaring and oppressive heat and light of a Brazilian sun. In the center of the Gardens is a Casino or marble house built in circular form and fitted with benches of polished stone where the hungry or thirsty wayfarer could eat or drink choosing what he wanted from the printed menu hung on the wall, all for a few copper coins, and an extra one as *douceur* to the waiter who served him. I spent three or four hours very agreeably in these wonderful Gardens but would have gladly exchanged all the mingled naturalness and artificiality for ten minutes in the grand old woods of the John Brown tract in our Adirondacks. In tropical countries there is such profuseness of vegetation, such rankness of growth and such overloading of the air with the spicy flavors that one gets soon satiated with the superabundance. I longed for the sweet incense of the Adirondack woods the smell of the hemlock, spruce, pine and birch, and the cold bracing whiffs of ozone laden air, that now and then are breathed even on the hottest July day in our American woods. In the Brazillian Gardens were parrots parroquets, Marmoset monkeys and chattering song birds, but I did not hear the wood robin or thrush, as Audubon calls him, that sweetest singer of the grove. And here I may be pardoned if I introduce the great Naturalist's description of the bird

"The song of the wood thrush, although composed of but few notes, is so powerful, distinct, clear and mellow that it is impossible for any person to hear it without being struck by the effect which it produces on the mind. I do not know to what instrumental sounds I can compare these notes, for I really know none so melodious and harmonical. They gradually rise in strength and then fall in gentle cadences, becoming at length so low as to

be scarcely audible; like the emotions of the lover who at one moment exults in the hope of possessing the object of his affections and the next pauses in suspense doubtful of the result of all his efforts to please. x x x How often, as the first glimpses of morning gleamed doubtfully among the dusky masses of the forest trees, has there come upon my ear, thrilling along the sensitive cords which connect that organ with the heart, the delightful music of this harbinger of day ! - and how fervently on such occasions have I blessed the Being who formed the wood thrush and placed it in those solitary forests as if to console me amidst my privations, to cheer my depressed mind and to make me feel, as I did, that never ought man to despair, whatever be his situation, as he can never be certain that aid and deliverance are not at hand." At the time of my first visit

There seems to be a compensation given us for our bleak northern winters in the songs of our birds, the perfume of our flowers, the thousand odors from awakening Nature, when softer airs and warmer skies prevail in our May and early June. No matter how verdant the tropical forests and fields may be, or how varied the growths of vegetable productions, there is something to me indescribable in the spring and summer of the north, that causes my pulse to bound, my breath to exhale quicker, and my nerves to tingle, when I walk forth through the woods and meadows of my native land, and I truly thank the Giver of all good that my lot has been cast in such pleasant places. The tropics suffer in comparison with our temperate clime, and life seems to me more worth living where great alternations of temperature prevail.

Back to these scenes world waste and

Forty miles away from the city of Rio is Petropolis a settlement where the Emperor Dom Pedro and most of the wealthy classes of Rio reside during the warmest season of the year, which happens in December, January and February, for it is then that the sun being in the Southern tropic affords his greatest heat. At such times the City is deserted by those who can afford to leave and seek cooler spots like Petropolis.

At the time of my last visit to Rio de Janeiro in 1852 the yellow fever had become epidemic the disease having been imported from Africa in a slave ship which touched at Pernambuco some 200 miles to the North of Rio the first victim being Thomas Turner, Vice Consul at Pernambuco and a nephew of Erastus Corning of Albany.

At the time of my first visit Rio was quite a resort for invalids as it was a remarkably healthy place, but non-attention to proper sewerage and general uncleanness of the inhabitants prepared it for the scourge that carried off 14,000 people inside of three months in 1852. Since that time the disease has become ~~epidemic~~ <sup>endemic</sup> and now Rio is considered as dangerous a place of resort for the unacclimated as Havana.

The population of Rio de Janeiro is estimated as composed of 200,000 whites and 150,000 blacks nearly all of the latter held in slavery.

The buildings erected on very narrow streets are mostly of stone and of not more than three stories high. They are wide and very comfortable residences and rent for low figures. There are no docks or wharves except one which is used by the ice-laden vessels whose cargoes would waste too much if discharged into



lighters in the open Bay as are all other cargoes. On our arrival in port an offer was made for our oil and whale bone and a freight of 40 tons of rosewood and 7500 bags of coffee at \$1.20 per bag of 160 lbs. The negotiations having been completed on the basis of 36 cents per gallon for the oil, 40 cents per lb. for the bone, and eight German passengers offering for New York at \$100 a head, we discharged our oil and bone, and cleaned ship in the course of a week, and then loaded with the rosewood and coffee, and on a pleasant day in July hove up anchor and went to sea with a favoring breeze.

The usual weather and winds prevailed and our course to the line marked with no incidents worth recording. We were delayed by calms usual in that part of the Ocean, and suffered somewhat from ennui and hot weather, but we knew we were homeward bound; the North star rose again to view, the North-east trade winds came gently, and daily with increasing force, until the ship could hardly stand up under her pile of canvas, but closely watched no mishap occurred. We bounded along through the trades, caught the variables in 32° and at last when within three days sail of New York the wind came off to N. W. bringing with it the smell of land and then the longing to reach anchorage became more intense and I could hardly wait for the welcome order "Stand by to heave the lead" for we were on soundings and under our keel was American soil and to windward was my native land. Two days more and the wind coming off South East we once more squared in the yards and set studding sails aloft and aloft, and soon reduced the distance.

The next day the welcome cry from the fore royal yard "Land ho;" came like a chord of music to the ear, and there was

scrambling to get aloft and see the blue hills of Navesink. A few hours passed and the white line of the surf on the Jersey shore could plainly be seen. Then the light houses, next the forts, the point of Staten Island, where the Narrows begin. Then the City, the steam-tug, the wharf, the hawsers made fast, the good-bye to my shipmates, and with a jump I landed on the dock - home again.

That night I journeyed northward up the Hudson River bound for my home, I scarcely slept a moment . The boat reached her destination at 5 A. M. and she had hardly been made fast, when I was ashore - Walking, running and almost dazed with excitement, I reached the house where my mother was, I rang the door bell, and in another moment was in her arms. I never shall forget that meeting. Of all the memories of my young days that is the most prominent. It is but justice to my sisters to say they were glad to see me - but my mother, who can describe a mother's joy at receiving her wanderer after two long years of being buffeted by gales and in peril from dangers of the sea, and shipwreck. My voyage was ended, the experience gained, the development of physical powers, the fund of health, the self-reliance, all were purchased cheaply. I never have regretted my whaling voyage but I would not advise any one who reads my narrative to ship before the mast in any vessel, if money can be had to pay for a passage in the cabin.

*E. Stafford*